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## HUMILIATION BETTER THAN WAR.

**B**ETWEEN the alternatives of a war with England and national humiliation, the Lincoln Cabinet have chosen that which was fraught with the least evil consequences to the people. With manifest reluctance and thinly veiled ill grace it has been decided to comply with the demands of the British Government, and Messrs. Slidell and Mason are now once more on their way to these shores. With the same utter want of judgment that has characterized the rulers and people of the Northern States in relation to the Wilkes achievement during the last six weeks, the reparation was delayed until it was extorted by fear, and the opportunities generously given by Lord Lyons for an early retreat from an untenable position were most inconsiderately and rashly neglected. The Commissioners have been given up because President Lincoln's Cabinet dreaded the results that would inevitably have followed their continued imprisonment. There is nothing in the act upon which we can compliment the Americans. They own, with frankness and with abundance of harmless threats, that they yield from motives of prudence alone. The New York press is, indeed, unnecessarily explicit upon this point—"the storm may blow over," says the *Herald*, "but it will leave a debt of abuse from England to be repaid by America." Language such as this shows how little ground we have for hoping that the severe lesson just taught the Americans will lead them to act with greater caution and wisdom for the future. They have not yet taken the truth to heart that Great Britain will submit no more to insults, that it will make no more concessions, and that the nation is resolved to curb the hitherto unrestrained insolence of the Americans whenever it should be manifested offensively towards ourselves. It is an easy thing to bid us beware of "vengeance"—we shall always be in a position to meet the quarrels which the rancour of a Northern mob, or the folly of misguided statesmen, may fasten upon us. And if the day of our chastisement does not arrive until the North "has settled its differences" with the South by subjugating it, we have an indefinitely long term before us of freedom from attack and of perfect security.

It was with unwillingness that the country resolved to go to war rather than tolerate an outrage on its flag, and it is, therefore, with gratification that we learn there is no longer a probability of our being required to draw the sword. The Northern States may, however, feel sure that we shall not forget the insult offered us, and the thousand interruptions to our commerce that have been caused by subsequent events. We have no desire to perpetuate our injuries, but it cannot be forgotten that through a wanton act of aggression the shadow of war clouded our prospects for several weeks, checking almost every department of trade, and compelling the government to incur heavy extraordinary expenditure at a time when it was carefully pursuing a policy of retrenchment. The evil has not, it is true, been an entirely unmingled one. It has brought out our friends, and with France especially we shall be for the future on terms of much greater cordiality than in the past. The Emperor gave us conclusive proof of the friendly feeling he entertains towards us, and it is not too much to anticipate that the war panics which have been so frequent of late years will not recur again for a considerable time. Austria and Prussia also ranked themselves with firmness on our side, and unquestionably the remonstrances of these powers have saved the Americans from disasters immeasurably greater than any

of which their history bears record. A war would have been costly to us—to them it would have been almost ruinous. Yet, so obstinate is the prejudice against England in the Northern States, and so strong is their belief that we may be "kicked" with impunity, that almost up to the last moment a section of the populace and the press appears to have made an outcry against the release of the Southern Commissioners. From first to last, intelligent Americans must have despised their journals which assume to lead public opinion. They were told that England would only protest, and that the matter would end in a few cargoes of despatches being sent on both sides. Then they were assured that France would gladly see England involved in a war, and would seize the occasion to carry out her own designs against us; that Europe generally would help to crush the hated "Britisher," and that our puny power would soon be paralyzed, and possibly destroyed for ever. As mail after mail arrived, these cheerful and consoling anticipations were hopelessly crushed. It was found that England was preparing for the contest with almost unparalleled vigour, and M. Thouvenel's Note completely falsified the predictions of the politicians who never yet, in any crisis, have been able to do more than take the most superficial glance at public affairs. The remarks of the Northern press, and the speeches of the judges and other functionaries at Boston, only afford another instance of the incalculable ignorance and self-assurance of the American character. It is still in the recollection of most persons that when the cry of Secession was first heard we were assured that it would soon be extinguished, and that the "rebellious" States would be speedily coerced into submission. We are still told the same thing, although it is plain to every one out of America that the Union can never be restored, and that henceforth the once great Republic is divided into two parts. Recent events might be productive of immense advantage to the Northern States if the people would but reflect on the way in which they have been misled, and betrayed into an ignoble position, by the press and the Government. For it is useless to conceal the fact that Captain Wilkes was virtually commended by the Cabinet for his seizure of the Commissioners—the Secretary of the Navy complimented him, and the Government endorsed the praise by suffering it to be recorded in a public document. Mr. Seward, the Mephistopheles of American politics, doubtless considers his country aggrieved by the demand for reparation, just as the ill-doer conceives himself injured by being arrested and made to answer for his offence. But, whatever his objections, the Southern Commissioners are released. Our end is attained. We do not exult as over a triumph, but we know that we have nothing to thank the Americans for, and in the satisfaction attending the successful exercise of our authority, we may calmly leave them to the enjoyment of their "brag."

We trust that the people of this country will not hastily conclude that there is no longer any danger of a rupture with the Northern States. He would be an over-sanguine man who should maintain that a repetition of the Wilkes outrage is not likely to be repeated. In a land where everybody is the equal of everybody else, and where the people have more confidence in their own judgment than in that of their Government, it is not likely that the concession just made will be viewed with tranquillity. There are men who would imitate the outrage committed upon the English flag for the same share of popularity that Messrs. Wilkes and Fairfax received, and who will see in the measure taken by President Lincoln nothing but mean cowardice





and consequent disgrace to the nation. With the officers of the Federal Navy dissatisfied at the work of their comrades being undone, it may not be many weeks or days before another of our steamers is stopped, and a fresh "difficulty" created. There are many in the States who would consider such a move a master-stroke of policy and patriotism, and the Government might not deem it safe to run counter to the wishes of the mob a second time. Without doubt there must be a large proportion of sober and reflective men who would do their utmost to discountenance so insane a proceeding; but we have seen the extent of their influence in the apotheosis of Wilkes. They have not been able to make their voice heard amid the general clamour of excitement, and the din of congratulations. The Boston banquet, the testimonials, and the presentation of the "freedom of thirteen cities," will supply matter for bitter reflection to them for a long period. They will feel more keenly than others the mortification of being compelled to eat their words, to withdraw their boastings over the *San Jacinto* achievement, and to acknowledge their inability to stand by the act they applauded so warmly. And yet in this moment of humiliation the press has the assurance to hold out threats of future "retribution"! The Chinese system of endeavouring to terrify our troops by beating gongs, and by arrays of men hideously painted, was not more ludicrous or more despicable. We repeat, however, that to us it is a matter of the very smallest consequence what are the opinions of the press or the mob. It is far more important to know that the American Government has not thought it worth while to make use of any offensive expressions towards us in its diplomatic notes, but that the justice of our claim for reparation was acknowledged in franker terms than might have been looked for from Mr. Seward. The despatch of our own Government was distinguished by great moderation and calmness, and never was ultimatum tendered in a more conciliatory form. Earl Russell's despatch does honour to the Government and to the country—it fully met the exigencies of the case; it was firm and yet friendly in tone; and it happily assumed that the act of Captain Wilkes was performed without instructions from the Government. Mr. Seward could not but admit that in "arguing on the British side of the case" he defended American principles as they have been over and over again asserted. We receive this admission with pleasure, while we regret that it was not sooner made, and that no rebuke was administered to Captain Wilkes. Had President Lincoln caused an intimation to be made to the commander of the *San Jacinto* of his disapproval of the act of seizure, there would have been little humiliation in delivering up the Commissioners; but as reparation was delayed until the English fleet hovered near the Northern ports, and until the leading powers in Europe had added remonstrances to our ultimatum, we cannot ascribe to the Cabinet any willingness to do justice, or give them credit for any sincerity in their avowed convictions, but rather believe that they would have retained Messrs. Slidell and Mason if there had been no fear of our armaments, and no visions of their own ruined commerce and bankrupt finances, before their eyes.

#### THE POSITION OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

NOW that the great issue of peace and war has been decided, there are many grave points arising out of the "difficulty" which deserve attentive consideration. The conduct of the American Government has been such as to inflict upon their own people and on us the greatest amount of mischief which it was possible to extract out of this unfortunate business. If they had possessed one particle of that statesmanship and prudence in which they have shown themselves so absolutely deficient, they might have escaped altogether the necessity of submitting to an imperative demand for reparation. When the captain of the *San Jacinto* first arrived at New York with his unlawful prize, wisdom and justice alike dictated a policy which would have been at once magnanimous and safe. Whatever doubts might have been raised in England, where the extreme doctrines of belligerent capture have been maintained, in America, which has always been the champion of neutral privileges, there was no room for question, according to American law, as to the absolute illegality of Captain Wilkes's act. The American Government must have known that the capture of Messrs. Slidell and Mason was an outrage liable to be resented, and which, if committed against themselves, they would most infallibly have resented. They had all the materials for judging, and they must have foreseen, in case England called them to account for the act, the want of power which they now confess to resist the demand. If there is humiliation in conceding now, whose fault is that? The act of Captain Wilkes was unauthorized in its inception, and there was no possible reason why it should not have been disavowed. Instead of that, the Government and the people chose to make it their own. If they complain that the bed on which they lie is a hard one, it is, at all events, the bed which they have made for themselves. What is the solution which the friends of America can offer of their conduct in this transaction? If it is said that the statesmen who have the conduct of her affairs never contemplated that this violent act, which has called down upon it the unanimous condemnation of the

civilized world, would lead to a demand of reparation, what are we to think of their sagacity and foresight? What judgment are we to give of the capacity of men to conduct the affairs of a country in a tremendous crisis, who are so blind to the most obvious contingency? But if they foresaw the probability of the English demand, did they make no calculation of their power to resist it? Did they form no estimate of the results of a refusal, or the consequences of concession? But supposing it impossible that men of the most ordinary intelligence must have been alive to these urgent and obvious considerations, is it to be said that they were so weak and so cowardly that they wanted the moral courage to meet the impending danger by the only course which could save at once the honour and the interests of their country? Still, the admirers of American institutions tell us that the Government is so much the slave of the people, and the people themselves are so blinded by passion and conceit, and so inaccessible to reason, that it is impossible to do right and justice, even when the denial of it entails either a sacrifice of honour, or a certainty of ruin. And yet it is only by one, or perhaps by all of these hypotheses, that the conduct of the American Government in delaying, for a single day after the news of the capture, to disavow the act of Captain Wilkes, can be explained.

We can well afford to despise the threats of future vengeance which the American press supply *ad nauseam* to the sovereign people, as a salve for present humiliation. A nation whose rulers are so wanting in wisdom, and whose people are so incapable of prudence, can never be truly formidable. The tone of the American public, as reflected to us by their writers and their speakers, if it were not so terribly melancholy would be irresistibly comical. It is nothing but a universal exhibition of what the Romans expressively called *muliebris impotentia*—the impotent scolding of an angry woman. The singular logical perversion by which they have brought themselves to regard our demand of reparation for their own violence into an act of English aggression almost passes belief. If we had seized the opportunity of their domestic difficulties and embarrassment to initiate some disagreeable question, there might have been room for complaint of an ungenerous disposition to take advantage of their misfortunes. But considering that since the commencement of President Lincoln's government we have forborne under provocations more irritating than probably any nation was ever called upon to endure, and have at last only been forced into a reluctant remonstrance by an outrage which the united voice of Europe called upon us to resist in the general interests of civilization—it is rather too much that the wolf should complain of us for having muddied the waters which he himself has fouled. They say that they are weak, and that therefore they ought to be allowed to be violent with impunity. They whine now about their inability to defend themselves. But if they feel this, why do they commit acts which require a defence that they are not able to afford? If the American plea is to be admitted, and the feeble are to be permitted to commit wrongs which would not be suffered for an instant in the powerless, all the evils which have accrued from overweening force will be multiplied tenfold in the alleged impunity of the impotent. It is bad enough when a power is so strong that it can do wrong and no one dare to call it to account, but, fortunately, the case seldom occurs. But if all the spoiled and fractious children of the world are to be allowed to do what mischief they please, simply because they are foolish and weak, the society of nations will be visited with all the curses of an ill-regulated family. The pretension of the Americans to establish the law that might makes right while they neither have the might nor will observe the right, is at once too presumptuous and too absurd to meet with a moment's toleration.

The English demand, which they had not the wisdom to anticipate by their own action, was presented in a form as moderate, and a manner as conciliating, as was consistent with the resolute determination to obtain a just reparation. Lord Lyons' unofficial communication to Mr. Seward of the nature of his instructions upon the delivery of his ultimatum was a courteous proceeding, which gave the American Government every opportunity of withdrawing with the least possible injury to their susceptibilities. Mr. Seward, for reasons best known to himself, did not think fit to avail himself of this diplomatic opening for a friendly solution. He preferred to wait till December 23rd, on which day Lord Lyons presented to him the formal note of the English Government. On the 27th the American Cabinet resolved to "eat the leek," by delivering up the Commissioners. No doubt the President and his Ministers felt all the danger which is likely to accrue to their own influence and position, from the humiliation of which they were compelled to be the instruments. But they must also have reflected that resistance itself was pregnant with still greater menace to their very existence as a Government. It is not at all improbable that the extraordinary and hopeless embarrassment of public affairs and public credit in America may, even without this fresh complication, give birth to a political revolution. The wisdom of the conduct, at once temperate and resolute, on the part of the English Government, is demonstrated by the temper of the American mind. Any symptom of hesitation or indecision on our part would have infallibly led to a denial of justice, and an attempt to procrastinate redress. The English

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Administration have therefore deserved and will receive the confidence and support of the people. Their diplomatic action has been at once calm and resolute as becomes a great and powerful people demanding redress in a just quarrel. The preparations which they made to support the cause they undertook were prompt, vigorous, and adequate to the emergency. Fortune favoured the energy they displayed in the despatch of troops. The leniency of the season has permitted some at least of the reinforcements to reach Quebec by the route of the St. Lawrence. The unwonted celerity of such movements, which would have filled our ancestors with amazement, will stimulate and support the patriotic efforts of Canada to provide means for her own defence. Nothing can be more striking or more gratifying to us than the spirit of loyalty and patriotism displayed by that province, in a situation which threatened it with such imminent danger. England is beginning to reap the fruit of a just and wise colonial policy. There are few things more remarkable than the contrast between the manner in which the constitutional principles of English monarchy have wedded to the Throne the affections of a distant country and a mixed population, and the spirit of disunion and disaffection which the corrupting influence of Democracy has sown in the vaunted fabric of the American Union.

#### EXTRAVAGANCE AND DEFICITS.

FIVE great nations have recently made official expositions of their several financial positions to themselves and to the world. France, Austria, Italy, and the United States have presented regular budgets or fiscal statements; and though the time has not arrived for Great Britain to do the same, yet the revenue accounts for 1861, which have just been published, answer nearly the same purpose. We will not weary our readers with long arrays of figures; still, a bird's-eye view over these various balance-sheets need not be very tedious, and can scarcely fail to suggest some conclusions at once significant and satisfactory. It will give us at the least some conception of the cost of the various objects sought for or possessed by nations—glory, tyranny, empire, and independence. The effort to gain these necessarily involves an excess of income over expenditure—immediate deficit, increasing debt, and contingent bankruptcy.

France wishes for *glory*, for Imperial magnificence, for public works of unequalled splendour. She wishes to be more than a match for all other nations on land, and at least a match for England on the sea. She wishes at the same time that all her labouring classes should be constantly employed, fairly paid, and moderately well fed. She chooses to keep herself incessantly before the world, to have a word in every dispute, to keep Russia out of Turkey, and to drive Austria out of Italy. She has succeeded in these aims—in all reasonably, in some magnificently. She has had for ten years a Court more gorgeously meretricious than really dazzling or imposing. She has pulled down and rebuilt half Paris, and done a good deal in the same way at Bordeaux and Marseilles. She has collected crowds of somewhat dangerous workpeople in most of her great towns. She has kept down the price of bread by a series of irregular and ingenious contrivances. She has maintained an army of 600,000 men in great efficiency, and has re-constructed her navy on a stupendous scale. She has beaten Russia with our assistance, and defeated and despoiled Austria without it. It is impossible to say that she has not succeeded; but what has success cost her? Her regular revenue reaches £72,000,000; she has spent all this; she has contracted loan upon loan; she has added upwards of 100 millions to the permanent debt of the country; and in addition to all this, it now appears that there is a deficit, caused by "extraordinary credits" unprovided for, which now amounts to £40,000,000 sterling. French financial statements are proverbially intricate and obscure, and we need not go into detail. The summary of the whole "position," as explained by M. Fould, is, that during the whole of the Imperial régime, and without reference to the extraordinary outlay of the Crimean war, France has been spending on an average *six* millions per annum more than her income. This six millions she must now raise—which we know that she cannot do by extra-taxation, for that is the one burden which Frenchmen will not bear—or she must be content to forego some or all of the splendid and costly baubles with which she has so long amused herself.

The case of Austria is much worse. Her revenue is much smaller, her prospects more disastrous, and her deficit, if not greater, far more hopeless. She has indulged in the luxury of *tyranny*, as France has indulged in that of *glory*. She determined not only to keep the reluctant millions of Hungary, Lombardy, and Venetia within her iron grasp, but to extend her influence over the whole of Italy. Till 1858, she was in the main successful; though her triumphs were neither brilliant nor invariable. Since then she has lost Lombardy; she has seen all Southern and Central Italy liberated from her influence, and transferred to her rival; and she is now striving to hold Hungary and Venetia by military rule. Her resources are vast, if she only knew how to develop them. If she surrendered Venetia, she might exchange an expenditure of millions of florins for an income of the same amount. If she would make terms

with Hungary, and abandon her narrow policy and her protective tariffs, she might find, in the corn and wine of that rich but undeveloped country, sure means of restoring her finances, by halving her outlay and doubling her revenue. As it is, she is as near to bankruptcy as any State ever was. She has already had recourse to that silliest and shabbiest of all the contrivances of defaulting Governments—the depreciation of her currency. But her enterprises are of a nature which demand vast armies, and vast armies cost vast sums; the result is, as far as can be gathered from the misty statement of her Finance Minister, that she has a deficit of *twenty-one* millions, which is to be made good partly by fresh taxes, that may not be paid; partly by a sale of crown lands, that may not be bought; and partly by a loan of eight millions, that may not be taken.

Italy has had a tremendous struggle for *independence*, and has another yet in store. She has in consequence to support an army out of all proportion to her natural and ordinary needs, and she has to do this out of the revenue contributed by States whose resources are suffering under the double evil arising from recent amalgamation and previous misgovernment. There can be little doubt that as soon as the new kingdom is really consolidated—when Venetia is won or bought, when Rome is emancipated alike from Papal thralldom and from French protection, and when Naples is subdued and organized—the expenditure may be reduced, and the revenue augmented by at least 50 per cent. So we have no great fear of the *ultimate* recovery of Italian finances. But, in the mean time, the Budget put forth by the Minister is disastrous enough. For 1861, the deficiency of revenue as compared with expenditure is nearly £15,000,000 sterling; and for 1862, even with four millions and a half from fresh taxation, and two millions from the sale of public lands, it will still be £13,000,000. The difference, of course, must be provided for by loan. This loan there will be no difficulty in raising; but the sum needed is unquestionably a large one for a new State, whose ordinary revenue does not exceed £19,000,000, and whose debt already amounts to six times that amount, or £120,000,000.

The United States of North America are resolutely bent on maintaining intact their republic and their empire,—in other words, upon compelling the seceding states to return to their allegiance. This claim for *empire* seems to be the most costly of all national demands. The budget of the American Secretary to the Treasury is ominous of much future evil. The first half of the first year of the conflict is past, and much has been spent though nothing has been done. The deficit of our trans-Atlantic kinsmen exceeds all the poor deficits of Europe, as greatly as their primeval forests and their boundless lakes exceed the dimensions of the Black Forest or the Saxon meres. It is as gigantic as Niagara. In round numbers, Mr. Chase wants for the year £122,000,000; and he raises, or proposes to raise, £110,000,000 of this by loan, and only £12,000,000 by taxes. In plain terms the revenue of the Federal States only supplies *one tenth* of their expenditure. Next year it is *hoped* to make it supply one-fourth, but no one believes that it will. Since financial statements were first made, we venture to say that one approaching this in sublime audacity never was presented to any nation. In our year of greatest need we only borrowed twenty-five per cent. of our expenditure; but the Americans make no scruple of borrowing—or at least asking for—*ninety* per cent. of theirs. They ask for it: we can scarcely fancy they will get it; for though they offer high interest, they can only offer damaged and doubtful security. But the mere proposal is curious, as showing how far republican recklessness can exceed even imperial extravagance.

In the midst of this crowd of defaulting Governments England stands forth in the singular and distinguished position of a nation "with a balance at her bankers." She seeks no glory beyond what past achievements have engraved upon her escutcheon. She desires no world-wide influence beyond what her natural power and reputation inevitably force upon her. She has no rebellious subjects to compel back to their servitude, or to retain in their fetters, like Austria. She has no seceded provinces to reconquer and re-annex, like the United States. And lastly, her independence was won centuries ago. The result is that in spite of drains on her resources consequent on the preparations of her neighbours, and the interruption of her profitable commerce caused by their quarrels, she has no deficit to meet and no loan to ask for. Her expenditure is large, but it is covered by her actually collected revenue. The consumption of imported or excisable articles, from which her ordinary taxation is principally defrayed, is on the increase. And though the total sum collected is less than the preceding one, by three millions sterling, yet this arises mainly from the remission of the Paper Duty and the reduction of the Income Tax. It is not an unexpected, but a calculated and designed deficiency. We pay our way from year to year, while all around us are annually getting deeper and deeper into debt. Yet France is more populous, Austria far larger, Italy more fertile, and America incomparably more rich in natural resources, and all of them more favoured by climate than ourselves. We say this in a spirit of true thankfulness, not of vain-glorious boasting. Yet there is something to be proud of; for we owe our rare and advantageous position, under Providence, to our



industry, our enterprise, our courage, and our integrity,—to the spirit with which we have met every difficulty, borne every burden, and paid every debt.

#### MEXICO, PAST AND PRESENT.

IF Æneas, flying from the ashes of Troy and the vengeance of the Greeks, or Dido, from the cruelty of Pygmalion, the murderer of her husband, had been as well acquainted with geography and the science of navigation as we are, the former would not have sought the shores of Italy, nor the latter the sands of Libya. A country far more tempting, far richer, and more productive, would have attracted them. Mexico would have been the land in which Dido would have built her Carthage, and Æneas another Troy. In no portion of the earth does there exist a country so capable of contributing to the wealth, the happiness, and the power of man as that which Hernando Cortez, in 1519, tore from Aztec rule and added to the crown of Spain. The capital city was then built upon a group of islands, and called Mexico (pronounced Ma-heeco) from the Aztec god of war, Mexitli. It is described as having been at that time a rich, populous, and splendid city, and the inhabitants are said to have been considerably advanced in many of the sciences and arts of civilization; they were acquainted with arithmetic, chronology, and astronomy, and they practised, with no small skill, the arts of agriculture, architecture, sculpture, and painting. Whence they originally came, what was their history, and who were their predecessors in the country, can now be nothing but mere conjecture. But for the bigotry and blind zeal of a superstitious faith, we might have arrived at a knowledge of their antecedents, for there can be little doubt that their history was chronicled in the hieroglyphical paintings, of which many thousands were found by the Spaniards. Instead, however, of preserving these valuable records of so interesting a people, the ignorant priests who accompanied Cortez in his expedition, committed as many as they could lay their hands upon to the flames, believing them to be the handiwork of the devil. It is not impossible that a few of the pictured writings may have escaped that wholesale and sacrilegious cremation, and may now be lurking in some dark and dusty corner of the Escorial. The Spaniards having obtained possession of Mexico, displayed in their government of it, and in their treatment of the natives, the same impolicy which distinguished their rule in the rest of the countries which they discovered and conquered in that part of the world. The Aztecs, as well as the numerous other Indian tribes who inhabited Mexico, were an ingenious and semi-civilized people, and were decidedly capable of a much higher cultivation; but in consequence of the cruelty of their new rulers, and the mistaken zeal of the priests, who were soon established amongst them, they lost the arts and the knowledge which they are supposed to have acquired from a people who were in occupation of the country previously to themselves, and relapsed into a state of complete barbarity. The Maya Indians of Yucatan are unquestionably descended from the Aztecs, or some cognate tribe; but they are sunk in the lowest depth of ignorance, and give little or no evidence in their appearance and mode of living, that they were ever superior to what they are at present. But the Maya Indian is certainly, if we may judge from physical demonstrations, quite capable of mental culture. His stature is extremely diminutive, but his features generally are very good, and the formation of his head is often highly intellectual. But whatever the Indians may be now, there cannot be a doubt that either they, or their predecessors, were considerably advanced in civilization. The great number of architectural remains of what had formerly been stupendous edifices, and the variety of images formed of terra cotta, which yet exist, attest that a people very far removed from barbarity once occupied that country. An absurd imposition some years ago was attempted to be practised upon the credulous portion of the English population. It was asserted that there still existed in some secret and undiscovered part of Central America an Aztec city, inhabited by a people precisely similar to those who occupied Mexico in the days of Montezuma; and, to corroborate this improbable story, two dwarfish individuals were exhibited, who, it was declared, had wandered from that city. This fable was more or less believed, and a very distinguished and scientific osteologist examined these Indians, and delivered a lecture upon the subject. The true history of this affair is, in many respects, curious. In the first place, let it be understood that no such city as that above mentioned exists in any part of Central America or Mexico. There is not an inch of ground in those countries which has not been traversed by European feet, and if any such city existed, it would have been discovered years ago. With respect to the alleged Aztecs who were exhibited, we have simply to observe that Yucatan and Central America abound with similar specimens of humanity. The two Indians who were brought to England, and represented as wanderers from this ancient Aztec city, were natives of Guatemala, and were picked up by a Yankee virtuoso, who, having read the book of his countryman Steven, in which allusion is made to such a place, determined to operate with that small capital, and practise upon the gullibility of John Bull.

During the three centuries of Spanish dominion in Mexico, the natives were kept down, and excluded from all offices of trust; manufactures of every kind were prohibited, and cultivation was permitted to a very limited extent. The object of the Spanish Government was to keep everything in the possession of the white population, and to prohibit the exercise of any art which might enrich, improve, and give power and influence to the native race. On the abdication of Charles VI., in 1808, the native and mixed races revolted, asserting their claim to the rights of freemen. In 1810 the Roman Catholic priests, called Hidalgo and Morelos, placed themselves at the head of an insurrection, and in 1813 the independence of Mexico was declared. For many years a bloody and exterminating war was carried on between several parties, but in 1821 Iturbide declared in favour of the liberals, and having succeeded in finally casting off the yoke of Spain, established a monarchy, and got himself proclaimed Augustin I., Emperor of Mexico. After a short, troubled, and tyrannical reign, his government was overturned, and he was put to death. After this a republic was established, having a representative assembly which they called a congress, after that of the United States, a senate, and a president. Since that period Mexico has been torn by a constant succession of political struggles, and revolution after revolution has succeeded as invariably as the seasons follow each other. It is in the power of any private individual to commence a revolution. If he is not satisfied with the existing order of things, he pronounces against it. This is the first step, and it is called his *pronunciamiento*. Having pronounced, he collects his friends and adherents, and when he has got together a strong party, he takes the second step, and makes his *grito*, or outcry, which is an instrument setting forth the objects of the revolution, and enumerating the acts or laws with which he is dissatisfied. If he suggests a different order of things—the “outcry” is called a “plan”—this is the third act of the drama. The fourth is the fighting. But they have a peculiar method of carrying on war in these political strifes. Both parties fight at a respectful distance—bringing down their enemies, as Bob Acres wished to do, “at a long shot.” But if either can summon up courage enough to come to close quarters, the other invariably flies, and the victory is obtained. Next comes the fifth, or “last scene of this eventful history,” which is the procession of the conqueror in triumph into the city of Mexico. Since the year 1821, this is the manner in which the Mexicans have amused themselves. It cannot be expected that a country, subject to such unceasing strife, can make much progress; neither does she. Arts and manufactures are neglected, and the earth is suffered to go untillied. It is melancholy to reflect that such should be the case in a country abounding as it does with mineral wealth of all kinds, capable of producing everything which grows both in the new and in the old world, and having three different climates—the *tierras templadas*, or the temperate; the *tierras calientes*, or the hot; and *tierras frias*, or the cold. Tempted by the prospect of realising wealth in such a luxuriant region, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and other foreigners have from time to time established themselves there, braving every danger, and incurring every risk, in the pursuit of gain. But no Government having been strong enough to enforce the laws, they have constantly been subject to every species of depredation,—to robbery and murder,—from the unruly spirits to which a nation tempest-tossed by internal wars, convulsed by never-ceasing struggles for power, gives birth. In the city of Mexico people are robbed and murdered in the open day in the public streets. Every house is a fortification; and the doors, covered with plates of iron, are never opened to any one without the inmates taking every precaution to insure the admittance only of friends. In the environs of Mexico men on horseback are lassoed by robbers, pulled to the ground, robbed, and assassinated. The Government of Mexico has been for a long period greatly indebted to English and French merchants. By various treaties it has engaged to discharge its obligations, but it has never failed to find excuses for delaying payment of its debts; and in the month of July last a law was passed by the Congress, and sanctioned by the President, which had the effect of postponing for an indefinite period the fulfilment of its engagements. The Governments of England, France, and Spain, roused by the complaints which have been incessantly made to them of the bad faith of Mexico, and the outrages to which they were constantly subjected, have determined to send to that country a joint expedition to enforce compliance with their demands for a full and complete reparation of all the wrongs which their respective subjects have suffered. Our minister at Mexico, a short time since, negotiated a treaty or convention with the government, having such reparation for its object. The Congress thought proper, however, to refuse its ratification of it. This refusal has caused Sir Charles Wyke to send to the Government an ultimatum, threatening, if it be not complied with, to withdraw from the country, with all the members of the legation. One of the articles of the ultimatum requires that commissioners, named by Great Britain, shall be appointed to regulate and control the Custom Houses—as it is notorious that the duties paid at those establishments are appropriated by the officers attached to them.

It has been rumoured that it is the intention of France and



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England to recommend that a monarchical government shall be established, and that a member of the house of Hapsburgh shall be placed upon the throne. How far this rumour may be true, we are unable to say, but Hapsburgh and despotism appear to us to be synonymous. But a despotism in Mexico would be preferable to the misrule and disorder which have reigned during the whole period of the republic. Meanwhile, it would appear, the Mexican Government has concluded a treaty with the United States, by which it agrees to mortgage all the public lands, including the church property, said to be worth hundreds of millions, on payment by the United States of the sum of 11,000,000 of dollars, out of which full satisfaction is to be made to the English and French creditors.

The payment, however, of existing debts, and the reparation of past wrongs, will not satisfy the Governments who have found themselves compelled to resort to arms to enforce a redress of grievances. They must have substantial guarantees for the future good faith of the Government, and its honest and vigorous administration of the laws. Unless this is obtained, we fear—more especially if what is stated be true, that all the public lands are mortgaged to the United States for a sum very disproportionate to their value—we shall soon have a repetition of the outrages of which we have had too much reason to complain.

#### FRAUDULENT CONTRACTORS.

IN every country in the world there seems to be a class of people who think it no crime to cheat the Government. Men who call themselves respectable, and who would institute an action for libel or slander against any one who should call them dishonest,—men in broadcloth, faring sumptuously every day, who would not pick a pocket, break open their neighbour's strong-box, or forge his name to an acceptance, think it but a venial offence to defraud the Custom-House officer, the exciseman or the tax collector, and no offence at all to plunder the people and the Government in the matter of a contract. The vice is not peculiar to any country or form of administration. It flourishes alike under the despotism of irresponsible autocrats, and under that still more ruthless sway of irresponsible multitudes, carrying out their edicts by the agency of universal suffrage. Even a limited and constitutional monarchy, supported by all the safeguards of established law, is not able to prevent, though it may have a tendency to reduce it. Happy is the country which, like our own, has arrived at such social and political development as to have banished it, by the force of public opinion, from all the higher spheres of Government, and that can confidently rely upon the personal honour of its statesmen, and the unsullied integrity of its judges. That it can be eradicated altogether from the inferior strata of the social edifice is more than can be hoped for, unless by the enthusiastic optimist who believes in the perfectability of human nature; communities cannot be called into existence in which considerations of the public good will always over-ride the greediness of self-interest and the mercenary calculations of knaves, whose love is centred upon "number one," and for whom "number two," and all the other numbers of social arithmetic, are only counted as dice in the great game of money making.

During the Crimean war the Emperor of Russia made the unwelcome discovery that no less than half of his fleet was worthless, because it had been built by scoundrel contractors, who had received the public money for the supply of good workmanship and material, and who had provided bad. The people of Great Britain were equally scandalized, though not perhaps equally surprised, in making a similar discovery with regard to the fleet of gun-boats destined for immediate service, and which proved, on overhauling, to have been constructed of green wood instead of dry, to have been fastened together with short bolts instead of long ones, and not to have been worth one-third of the sums which had been paid for them. They also heard stories, but too well authenticated, of preserved meats served out to British soldiers that were made of peppered and salted carrion, not fit to feed the hungry dogs that infest the streets of Constantinople. The Weedon Inquiry, in the matter of military stores which had been cleared out as rubbish, and sold as such for a merely nominal sum, and afterwards re-purchased by the authorities at the full market price, or more, was cited simultaneously, by social philosophers and cynics, to prove the melancholy wisdom of disbelieving in public virtue, and of having as little faith in the agencies of a free Government as in those of despots and autocrats.

But if knavish contractors manage to thrive and grow moderately rich in time of peace, it is in time of war that they more particularly revel and grow fat. War at the best, and in the holiest of causes, is but a bungling and a wasteful business. Everything is done in a hurry; while national peril, or popular love of conquest, or glory, combine with hurry to blind the eyes of officials, even if these do not share in the plunder that is to be got; the way is rendered smooth for the gigantic car of the contractor to roll on its course to sudden wealth. At this moment the Federal Government, engaged in the most stupendous and hopeless, as well as most suicidal war that was ever undertaken by a free country, finds itself the victim of knavish and unconscionable contractors, as all States that have gone to war

have done before them. In an ultra-Democratic Republic, in which every citizen considers himself a sovereign, and in which there exists neither man nor institution to which he owes more loyalty than he chooses to accord, the spirit of speculation and corruption rages more strongly than in a constitutional Monarchy or a Despotism.

The State is a cold abstraction, which wants that personal attribute or representative which tends to make robbery look more hideous than it does when committed against a corporation or other impersonality. Hence we imagine that neither the President nor his secretaries, Mr. Seward or Mr. Chase, is very much surprised, though they may all be very much annoyed, at the disclosures which have just been made with reference to the manner in which the money of the Government has been squandered among the army of contractors since the outbreak of the civil war. It appears, from the report of the Committee of investigation appointed by Congress, on the motion of Mr. Van Wyck, that "there has been a startling amount of corruption," especially among the contractors appointed by the departments of War and the Navy. One old vessel, that originally cost 36,000 dollars, was sold to the Government, through political influence, for 55,000 dollars, and the State possessed itself of scores of ships, worthless or not, at similarly enhanced rates. The sum of two millions of dollars was disbursed, or supposed to be disbursed, by the same parties for army supplies, for which sum they are unable to produce receipts or vouchers. Large quantities of linen pantaloons and straw hats, not required by the army or ordered by the military authorities, were purchased by the Government to please or pacify its supporters at prices greatly beyond the market value. Twenty-five thousand Austrian muskets, rejected by the Austrian Government, and sold for a mere trifle as old stores, were bought, in one lot, for the army of General Fremont, for 166,000 dollars; these muskets were found to be useless without alteration that would cost as much more, and even in that case they may be found less serviceable than new muskets of approved construction, that would cost but half the money. A lot of five thousand four hundred of Hull's carbines was sold by the War Department, by private contract, at the rate of 3 dollars and 50 cents each to an acute contractor, who resold them to the Government, through the agency of a third party, for 22 dollars each. These are but isolated specimens of a wholesale corruption, of which the topping flowers only have been brought under the scythe, leaving a large undergrowth unnoticed, though not unknown.

It is doubtless a matter of imperative duty in war, that a general should cause spies and deserters to be summarily shot or hanged, but we think it would much conduce to the shortening of the duration of war, and to the promotion of commercial as well as political morality in a nation, if some kind of prompt and Draconian severity were employed against contractors, who, in times of civil or foreign strife, take dishonest advantages of the public necessity. The Report of the Washington Committee may prove a great deal of rascality, but it will be a dead letter if it be not promptly followed by the punishment of the offenders. The trial and execution of a swindling contractor by drum-head court martial, might be the means of saving thousands of lives, as well as millions of treasure; and if General McClelland, who has yet done nothing, would inaugurate a new era by doing that, he would earn for himself a better title to be considered a "Young Napoleon," than any he has hitherto exhibited. The thing has been done before, and might be done again with great advantage, as General McClelland might discover if he would attentively study the military career of Napoleon, and that of his great conqueror, the Duke of Wellington. No one can say that the example is not needed, or that its good effects might not extend from America to Europe.

#### ARBITRATION IN WAR AND LAW.

THE immediate practical interest of the various proposals for settling our difference with the Americans by arbitration instead of war has passed over. The question has settled itself, and it will not be revived till some similar occasion brings out the same arguments on each note of the controversy. The discussion of the subject, however, suggests thoughts of a somewhat more permanent and general kind than those which referred to the immediate point at issue. Why is arbitration, both in law and in war, so seductive in theory and so unsatisfactory in practice? Why do we constantly hear humane and philanthropic lamentations over the folly of systems which waste hundreds of pounds in wrangling over disputes which it is said any honest arbitrator could settle in half an hour, or thousands of lives in wars which a similar friendly intervention might entirely avoid? The Peace Society and a certain class of law reformers are constantly singing Jeremiads over the folly of mankind in these particulars, and the true answer to their complaints is not so generally known as it should be. That answer is, that both the Peace Society and the law reformers fall into the all but universal mistake of supposing that the various evils of life originate, not in the conditions of life itself, but in its casual arrangements; that war is the result, not of the radical defects of human nature, but of the selfishness and short-sighted folly of Governments; and that litigation proceeds, not from the malice, injustice, and stupidity of the litigants, but from the clumsiness of the tribunals. This is a great error, and lies at the root of



the ignominious failures of many amiable schemes, and of the general contempt with which they are regarded by the more intelligent part of mankind. It is worth while to examine with some care the real nature of such proposals as those of the Peace Society, as the most prominent illustration of this curious subject.

Their proposal is substantially this,—that when two nations quarrel they should refer their difference to a third impartial nation, and act upon its decision; and what, it is asked, can be the objection to this? The answer is, certainly there can be no objection at all; but would it not be better to go a step further back, and to advise the two nations either not to quarrel at all, or honestly to endeavour to ascertain what are the merits of the case, and then act upon them, without troubling an arbitrator at all? If this advice is obviously Utopian, how can the other be reasonable? Why should it be supposed that men will be willing to be just by proxy, when, *ex hypothesi*, they are unjust in their own individual capacities? This is the unanswerable objection to all such schemes as those of the Peace Society; and the most curious point about the matter is that those who maintain its principles are really and *bonâ fide* blind to the cogency of the argument, even when it is pointed out to them. The true explanation of their blindness seems to be this,—they are deluded by the calmness of the ordinary administration of justice between individuals in civilized countries into an entire misapprehension of the whole nature of law, both public and private; they suppose that it is a system of discussion and inquiry like any scientific process, and overlook the vital fact that its specific distinction—that in virtue of which it is law, and without which it would cease to be law and become mere speculation—is that it is the application, direct or indirect, of physical force. Law, in the proper sense of the word, is nothing else but force, which is beneficial if and in so far as it is guided by reason, whether it is applied to individuals or to nations. It might still be law even if the reason were absent, but if force were wanting it would not. All the difficulties of the question may be solved by the application of this principle.

To begin with the simplest case. In all civilized countries certain broad principles of what is sometimes called distributive justice are established so firmly, that resistance to them on the part of individuals would be hopeless and absurd. That men must pay what they owe, and make compensation for the wrongs which they have inflicted, are principles so firmly established that no one can openly dispute them. No one ever dreams in the present day of saying, I acknowledge my debt to you, but I will not pay; but the reason is simply this:—That such a refusal would be useless, as the person holding such language would be compelled to pay; his property would be forcibly taken from him, or he himself would be committed to prison till payment was made. Injustice, therefore, in private life takes another shape. A dishonest man disputes the fact, or destroys the evidence of his liability, or he tries to show that the claimant has failed to fulfil the conditions which the law imposes upon men who wish to enforce their rights. These topics, of course, are matter of argument and discussion, and law in the popular apprehension has become so much identified with such discussions that almost every one who does not look closely into the matter, neglects the fact that the final cause of trials, that without which they would not take place, is neither the judge, the counsel, nor the jury, but the sheriff and the gaoler. The argument, the evidence, and the verdict are merely the powder, the ball is represented by judgment and execution, the *fi. fa.* or *ca. sa.* which ultimately indemnifies the victorious plaintiff, or enables the victorious defendant to get his costs. So thoroughly has the law asserted what may be called its physical supremacy, that its specific nature lies in the background. Many a man will say, "I know I shall have to pay if the law is against me; show me that it is against me, and I will save myself trouble and expense by doing at once what I should otherwise be compelled to do." This circumstance gives law the appearance of being substantially a process of reason and inquiry, but this is entirely delusive. It is the physical force in the background that really makes people so moderate and reasonable. Take away the sheriff and the bailiffs, and the decisions of judges and juries would command no respect at all from unsuccessful litigants.

The relations of independent states are somewhat different from those of individuals, but they depend on much the same principles. There is in reality no such thing as law, in the strict sense of the word, between nations, for this simple reason, that there is no common superior able and willing to force both parties to do what he decides to be just; and this, as has been already observed, is the very essence of law, strictly so called. No doubt, ingenious and learned men, from the days of Grotius downwards, have elaborated a system which goes by the name of international law, and which is based on the notion that nations are so many individuals living in a kind of republic, and capable of contracting towards each other most of the engagements and relations which individuals can contract; but this, though by no means an unmeaning fiction, is still a fiction, and is one which is extremely likely to deceive inattentive observers. International law deserves, in strictness, the name of law only in so far as the particular maxims of which it consists are enforced by the fear of war. It is that fear, and not the inherent wisdom and beneficial tendency of the maxims of Lord Stowell or Mr. Wharton, which constitute the analogy, such as it is, between those maxims and law, in the proper sense of the word.

This is entirely overlooked by the advocates of international arbitration. They are so accustomed to the quiet and apparently mechanical manner in which the law is obeyed by private persons, that they forget why it is

obeyed. They suppose that it owes to the *prestige* of its reason what it really owes to its irresistible strength, and that men obey it as a good man obeys his conscience, not as every man gives way to necessity. It is the absence of this superior force, as between independent nations, which makes arbitration between them absurd, when either their passions or their interests are really and deeply enlisted in a dispute. It may be easy enough to say how the verdict should go, but if the losing party happens not to agree in it—and he is pretty sure to disagree if his interest or feelings prompt him to do so—who is to take him in execution? War is the only possible mode of doing this, rough and unsatisfactory as it is; and to attempt to avoid war by referring disputes to arbitration is like trying to make a clock go more freely by cutting off the weights. The possibility, and, indeed, the probability of war, is the very essence and gist of international law. If war became impossible, international law would be mere preaching—more ingenious, but not more effective than other sermons.

This shows the truth of the observation already made, that the attempt to substitute arbitration for war is part of the general impatience which people feel of the conditions under which they live, and an instance of this anxiety to substitute an ideal for an actual state of things. Of course there is room for indefinite improvement in the temper with which nations regard each other—in the amount of knowledge and intelligence which they apply to their relations, and to the degree in which they appreciate the advantages to be derived from war, and the expense at which they are to be obtained—but this is all. While men are men, the ultimate sanction of law—that which makes it law must and will be physical force, whatever may be the limits to which it is applied, whether men or nations—and this force can be applied only by the parties interested, or by some common superior. What shocks philanthropists in general is the application of this force by the parties interested. It appears to them as if the result of this was to make men judges in their own cause, and to convert questions of justice into questions of force. If they used language with the necessary precision, they would see that such impressions as these are altogether fallacious. Differences, both in public and private life, are, and always must be, settled by force; and this force always is and must be applied by the person interested, for no one else will apply it. Law amongst private persons is a contrivance for deciding, not *whether* force shall be applied, but *how* it shall be applied, and who shall be allowed to apply it. The grossest fraud, the most outrageous injury, the most impudent breach of contract pass unnoticed by the law unless the person injured sets the law in motion. Law is only a contrivance, and a very imperfect one, for putting men on a level, and enabling those who are naturally or socially weak, to enforce certain rights or powers which the law recognizes against those who are naturally or socially strong; but the law is of no use at all to a person who has not the knowledge, the spirit, and the boldness to use it. It is like a screw-jack or a Bramah press; it will so economize and direct a small force as to enable it to raise an enormous weight; but unless the force is forthcoming, the machine will do simply nothing at all.

Thus, even in private disputes, men have always to right themselves by their own resources, whether through the law or otherwise, and the only difference in the case of nations is that the so called laws which prevail amongst them are not compulsory; that is, they are mere moral maxims guaranteed, not by a common inferior, but by the sentiment of a certain small number of States, of not very unequal power and not very dissimilar opinions. It is obvious, therefore, that if national wrongs are to be righted at all, one of two modes must be taken. Either each State must help itself by the strong hand, subject to more or less remonstrance, and other manifestations of good or ill will from the others (which is our present system), or else all must combine together to make a power strong enough to force any one State to submit to the award of some joint tribunal. The consequence of this would be simply to make every war universal, for an international court without an international army would be like powder without ball, or a judge without a sheriff, and to suppose that any nation would submit to an award with which it was dissatisfied, if it thought it could resist successfully, is to suppose an absurdity. No one would let the sheriff seize his goods or his person unless he knew that the whole *posse comitatus* would, if necessary, back him up.

The sphere of international arbitration is thus a narrow and comparatively humble one. It must, from the nature of the case, be confined to cases which both parties wish to settle, and about which neither means to fight in any event. In such a case it is often convenient to save time and wrangling by referring the matter to a third person, though even then the absence of any power to enforce the award generally makes the reference an unimportant and unsatisfactory process. If the parties mean to do right they will always be able to find out what they ought to do. If they do not mean to do right, the opinion of a third person that a particular course is right will produce very little effect, for from the nature of the case it can never be more than a mere opinion. If each nation has thoroughly determined that its interests or feelings require a certain course, and if these courses conflict, there is, and can be, and ought to be, no remedy but to fight the matter out. If the principles of the Peace Society were ever to become more than a dream, every nation would have to join in the battle. As it is, the matter is confined to the combatants, and the rest of the world stand by and lecture more or less impressively. This is, on the whole, the least disagreeable and most effectual, as it is the only plan, that has ever been discovered for settling quarrels between nation and nation.

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is unchristian; but this is a mere abuse of language. War is unchristian, as law, or disease, or the institution of property, or marriage are unchristian. These things all arise from our human imperfections. The angels in heaven neither marry nor are given in marriage; the first Christians had all things in common. Death, we are told, entered into the world by sin, and if men were perfectly just, wise, and good, there would be no laws; and under the same circumstances there would be no such thing as war. No doubt Christianity introduces changes into all these matters, and will introduce more as it gains ground. By increasing purity of life and manners it has given far greater freedom to the intercourse between the sexes than formerly existed. By inculcating the social duties it has greatly relaxed the harshness of proprietary rights. In so far as it promotes morality and prudence and invigorates the understanding, it tends to diminish disease. In the same way it diminishes the frequency of the occasions in which the intervention of law or of war is requisite; but in every case its mode of procedure is the same. It leaves institutions as they are, but by gradual moral changes takes off or diminishes the necessity for their use. It comes not to destroy the law or the prophets, but to fulfil. To attempt to make nations better by doing away with war, is like attempting to make individuals more just by doing away with law, or more chaste by abolishing marriage. If they were perfectly just and perfectly chaste, neither law nor marriage would impose any restraint, for men would discharge all the duties which they prescribe of their own free will; but till then property must be guarded by law; society by marriage; and international rights must be sanctioned by the possibility and probability of war.

#### HOW TO GET TO CANADA.

"He won't, won't he? Then bring me my boots," said the baron. Consternation was at its height at the castle, for a caitiff had dared to disobey his behest, and the Baron had called for his boots, 'a thunderbolt in the great hall had been a bagatelle to it.' Thus commences Ingoldsby's inimitable legend of the Grey Dolphin. And so also commences the legend of the Trent. A caitiff had dared to board that good packet-ship, and forcibly remove therefrom two of its passengers, who were enjoying the protection of the British flag. It was rumoured that the President would refuse to deliver up the prisoners. "Oh! he won't, won't he?" said the noble Viscount at the head of the government, "then bring me my boots, and order out the Guards." Now boots and spurs are very good, and very necessary things in their way, but they pre-suppose both horses and roads, and when the Guards are ordered to Canada, the question arises, "how are they to get there?" "Why, by the river St. Lawrence, to be sure." But suppose the river is obstructed by ice, and strange to say, it does freeze up in winter, and so continues closed until April; what then? Why, they must go to Halifax, and remain there till the spring, or march at the risk of losing their toes or their fingers, if not their lives, through snow that at every step is over their jack-boots. But has Canada no outlet in winter, to the ocean? Certainly it has, three; one by railway to Portland; another by Boston; and a third by New York; but, unfortunately, they all pass through a foreign country, and with many others, terminating on the Canadian frontier, are available to the Americans for the purpose of invasion; but are of as little service to the colonists, either in war or peace, for the conveyance of troops or military stores, as the Great Northern of England would be to them. This is certainly not very consoling to the friends of the gallant men who have been sent on this dangerous service. The alternative is well calculated to excite alarm; on the one hand entanglement in the ice, or shipwreck in the St. Lawrence; and on the other, a winter journey of some hundreds of miles through wilderness, over untrodden snow, more than two feet in depth.

But why was this not thought of long ago, and provision made for such a contingency as the necessity of reinforcing Canada in winter? Alas! it has been thought of, and talked of for years, but, unhappily, nothing has been done. The same difficulty has arisen before, and regiments have been sent in winter, under such exceptional circumstances of weather as may never occur again, and at a prodigious expense, through that immense forest that lies between Halifax and Quebec; but where shall we find a man like the late Commissary Inglis, who planned and arranged the transit of the troops, or one who has the experience and knowledge of colonial life, which he possessed as a native of the country? These dangers are not the legitimate perils of war, and a heavy responsibility rests upon those who neglect to make timely provision against this recurrence. The experiment may be made once too often, and the men may be overwhelmed by a snow-storm and perish, like the columns of the Czar, on the dreary Steppes of Russia, during the late war. If troops cannot be sent with safety to Canada in winter, neither can they be withdrawn, in that inclement season, if required elsewhere. During the Crimean war, we were most anxious to avail ourselves of the services of the military stationed in Quebec, but the order for their return arrived too late, and the risk and expense attending the land route prevented us from making the attempt. If, however, the line of railway is of importance to us, for the reasons assigned, it is absolutely indispensable to the unity of the Colonies and the consolidation of that part of our empire.

The North American provinces are now no longer small communities, ruled by the authorities in Downing-street through the instrumentality of a Governor and Council, with a House of Assembly resembling the Corpora-

tion of a little English borough; but they have grown into large, populous, intelligent, and prosperous States. As they have long since become self-supporting, and outgrown their early dependant condition, so have they within the last few years risen to a position requiring a more extended sphere of action, a more intimate connection with each other, and a united Legislature, that, representing the interests of all, shall make them respected among the growing nations of America and allies to England, rather than a group of distinct and independent colonies.

This consolidation, however, so necessary to their safety and development, and so ardently desired by them all, can alone be obtained through the instrumentality of a great colonial highway. The representatives of the several provinces could not at present assemble at a central point for deliberation, without passing through some portion of the adjoining republic. It will scarcely be credited that it is easier for persons living at Halifax to proceed to England than to go to Quebec at this season of the year; and that the inhabitants of Nova Scotia and Canada know less of each other and their neighbouring provinces than they do of England and the English. In like manner, the inter-colonial and English correspondence with Canada during winter, notwithstanding the enormous subsidies paid to trans-Atlantic steamers, is conveyed through the States, and is liable to be summarily suspended, even in peace, upon a short notice, and must necessarily cease altogether in war. The expense that would be occasioned by conveying the mails overland from Halifax to the St. Lawrence on sledges would be immense, while the delay would almost paralyze commerce, and be attended with the greatest danger and disadvantage to military operations.

The Americans, with their usual foresight and intelligence, have availed themselves of our supineness to monopolize the markets of Canada. They have wisely provided the colonists with a canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson, and another from Champlain to the same river, so as to divert the trade of the country from the St. Lawrence to themselves, while railways without number are constructed at every convenient point, to intercept and convey travellers and traffic to their own cities. In winter they have a monopoly of its mails and passengers, and in war, during that season, the country would be practically blockaded. The idea of first connecting Quebec and Halifax by a railway through New Brunswick, instead of a military road, first originated in the year 1838, when transatlantic steam navigation had been fully established. In that year the subject was pressed so earnestly upon the attention of Lord Melbourne, that he directed Lord Durham to institute inquiries as to its practicability, and in 1839 his lordship, in a very able and comprehensive report, strongly urged its construction. In 1846 Mr. Gladstone, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, ordered a survey of the route to be made by Major Robinson and Captain Henderson, of the Royal Engineers, and in 1849 their report, which was most favourable to the project, was presented to Parliament. The provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada, contributed in the most liberal manner thirty thousand pounds towards the expenses of that exploration. In 1851 Lord Grey pledged the Imperial Government to a guarantee of the interest on the amount requisite for its construction, which promise was renewed by Lord Derby in 1852, but fell into abeyance on a question of route.

Acting, however, upon this understanding, Canada constructed the Grand Trunk, and extended it 114 miles below Quebec, on the Halifax route, and Nova Scotia has completed sixty miles on the other end of the line, leaving 350 to be yet finished, which, when accomplished, will furnish the only link that is wanting in a continuous line from Halifax to Lake Huron, from whence, at no distant day, a direct communication will be opened with Columbia, Vancouver's Island, and the Pacific. From the time Lord Durham made his report, to the present day, the subject has been constantly pressed upon the attention of our Government, by commissions, memorials of the several colonial legislatures, and petitions of various public bodies, both in North America and Great Britain, but hitherto without effect. So lately as the beginning of last month, and before the present difficulty with the United States had become known, a deputation from British America arrived in this country, consisting of Mr. Howe, Premier of Nova Scotia; Mr. Tilley, Premier of New Brunswick; and Mr. Van Koughnet, Secretary of State for the Land Department of Canada, to confer with the Colonial Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer on this matter. Their proposal is understood to be the renewal of an offer formerly made by the provinces they represent of a guarantee of £60,000 a year towards the interest of the capital required for the execution of the work, to give a right of way for the entire road through both public and private property, together with ten miles in extent on either side of the railway of ungranted land, while they ask the British Government to give a like sum of £60,000 a year for the conveyance of mails, troops, and military stores. It is estimated that the railway will effect a saving of more than four times the amount of the sum required of the Government in the military expenses of the colonies, which at present are not less than £420,000 a year, and also a further saving of £25,000 per annum, the cost of the conveyance of the mails through the United States, besides a still greater amount deducted from transatlantic subsidies. In the event of these terms, so honourable to the provinces and so favourable to the Government, not being approved, they declare themselves willing to adopt any other proposal that shall be within their limited means.

It is difficult to appreciate the full value and importance of the project,



either in a military, colonial, or commercial point of view, and we cannot but think that it is an object well worthy of the combined efforts of the imperial and local Governments.

#### CATHEDRAL SERVICE IN LONDON.

STEELE was once so surprised and gratified at hearing the Church service read with solemnity and becoming emphasis that he devoted an entire number of the *Spectator* to an eulogium of the clergyman who had performed his duty in so excellent a manner. An imaginary correspondent is made to describe the pleasure he experienced in discovering new beauties in the Book of Common Prayer, and he tells us that he felt how little he had heretofore entered into the spirit of those supplications for mercy, forgiveness, and compassion which it contains. "When I reflected on my former performance of that duty I found I had run it over as a matter of form, in comparison to the manner in which I then discharged it. My mind was really affected, and fervent wishes accompanied my words." Steele might now make many a fruitless pilgrimage through the metropolis in search of one worthy to be ranked with the reader who elicited his praises. We have lately been told of a bishop who insists upon the power of reading with just emphasis and intonation as an indispensable qualification to candidates for ordination; but it will be a long time, we fear, before the most touching service in the world will be read in our churches with that reverence and attention which it seems calculated to awaken in the minds of the most listless. In many instances it is droned through in the dull apathetic drawl of a boy lazily rehearsing his tasks, in others it is declaimed after a style which seems borrowed from the stage, and in yet others it is hurried over with a rapidity which leads to the inference that the reader regards his duty as so irksome that the sooner he can dismiss it the better. Or he may be anxious to arrive at the more agreeable portion of his task, the delivery of his own sermon, upon which he lavishes oratorical display and artifice if he have the aptitude, or endeavours to give due expression to the chief points in the composition if his gifts are of a meaner kind. Rarely, indeed, even in the capital of the empire, can the churchman join in his service without being pained by the incongruity of solemn words uttered in careless, affected, or indifferent tones. If anywhere we might hope to find qualified men leading the devotions of a congregation, it would be at our cathedrals. Large numbers of persons gather in these noble structures Sunday after Sunday, of whom a considerable proportion come in the hope of hearing the service performed in an impressive manner. There are clergymen enough to choose from, and they receive an amount of remuneration which entitles us to look to them for something we do not find in the majority of their brethren. The English cathedral service is in itself one of the most touching performances the mind can imagine, and all the accessories seem to add to its power—the building half obscured in shadow; the tones of the organ, receding farther and farther, and dying away in the lofty roof; the voices of the choristers, floating in melancholy cadence around the memorials of the great and honoured dead; the monuments that speak, trumpet-tongued, of the immutable law by which the fashion of the world changeth, and abideth not—these things might awaken the dullest sensibilities. Many a man, long exiled from his native country, has returned and found in listening to this affecting service scenes of his early life restored, the past re-peopled, and a softened light shed over the present. Who, indeed, can listen to it without being carried back insensibly to days when the mind was uncorroded with care, when life had still its freshness and its green hopes unwithered, and when those entreaties, almost inspired in their solemn beauty, for deliverance in all time of tribulation, and for pity for such as be sorrowful of heart, possessed no sad signification? Such influences are necessarily created, but the mode in which the prayers are usually pronounced does much to remove them. In edifices of such magnitude it has been universally found that the plan of performing the service, which ensures the greatest degree of distinctness, is that of intonation. Nor is there anything in intoning the prayers to lessen the reverence which should accompany them, provided they are properly intoned. But unfortunately this important condition is very rarely regarded in the metropolitan cathedrals.

The clergymen who intone the service seem to be chosen for the very absence of the qualifications they ought to possess. They either have no voice, or the voice they possess is exercised fantastically, and as if to invite the attention of the congregation to their vocal powers, and provoke admiration by the skill with which they dwell on the upper notes in the suffrages. At Westminster Abbey it is often quite impossible to hear the service at a very moderate distance from the choir. The principle which guides the Dean and Chapter appears to be, to select those whose age or infirmities should disqualify them from officiating in a cathedral. The faint quivering tones scarcely extend beyond the reading-desk, and to the greater portion of the congregation the service is nothing more than dumb show. It is impossible to know whether the clergyman is beginning or ending a prayer, or which prayer he is intoning; and if it were not for the occasional assistance of the choir, the service would be as complete a mystery to the congregation, as are the Latin prayers of the Church of Rome to Irish peasants. At St. Paul's matters are only better because the echoes are not so numerous, and because the church is constructed more favourably to the dissemination of sound. There, occasionally, the officiating clergyman appears animated by a desire to rival the leader of the choir, and evinces reluctance to allow the choristers the portion of the service assigned to them in the ritual. What plain

people call "flourishes" are introduced wherever an opportunity offers, and effect seems the one grand thing aimed at. There is nothing to inspire reverence in these exhibitions of incapacity on the one hand, and of affectation on the other. The result is that numbers of loungers are drawn to our cathedrals on Sundays, and give additional cause for indignation to those who enter a place of worship only for the purpose of worship. Ordinary decorum is violated by the thronging, shifting crowd that pour in to stare at the monuments, or to listen to the choir. Many appear to deem the removal of their hats a sufficient acknowledgment of the sacredness of the edifice, and whisper or talk to their companions without the smallest restraint, calling their attention to this tomb or that, and leisurely walking about, the better to carry on their examination of the building. Addison tells us that "when in a serious humour," he frequently walked by himself in Westminster Abbey; in the present day, people seem to visit the venerable pile when in exactly the opposite mood. The same great writer represents to us the respectful awe with which Sir Roger de Coverley trod over the resting-place of princes and patriots, even when service was not being performed—now the place is treated, while the prayers are being uttered, as a show-room of wax-work figures might be. At our other cathedral, scenes not less degrading are witnessed. It is swarmed with city clerks and milliners, who seem to regard it only as a convenient place for meeting, and for carrying on imbecile and vacuous flirtations. They block up the precincts of the church, and their buzz of gossip can be heard with much greater distinctness than the intonation of the prayers. Immediately after the psalms are chanted, there is a move towards the door, and as soon as the anthem is concluded the rush becomes general, and the clattering of feet and rustling of dresses scarcely cease throughout the remainder of the service. The stranger who may happen to have walked from a distance, and who is unacquainted with the customs of the cathedral and the Law of Vergers, will be exceptionally fortunate if he secure a seat. There are places reserved, it is true, but the door to them can be unlocked only by a silver key. Even when either cathedral is most crowded, the vergers will lead a person to a seat upon the same terms that induce the box-keeper at a theatre to usher a visitor into the front row. Those with whose notions of propriety the act of giving gratuities in a place of worship does not accord, may stand to be hustled about, or return home. Such are the ordinary practices at our cathedrals, and such the mode of conducting service, as every one who has attended St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey on a Sunday afternoon must be but too well aware.

We have a right to ask whether the authorities have ever taken these facts into their consideration? They cannot be ignorant of some of them at least, such as the injudicious selection of officiating clergymen; and the canons of St. Paul's, who have to struggle through idle groups of shop-boys and milliners' apprentices to reach the pulpit, must be thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances we have described, and be fully conscious of the evil which it is our duty to seek to remove. Are we to suppose, then, that although a source of scandal is known to exist, no effort has been made to remove it? Or has the task been attempted, and given up in despair of success? In the first place, we cannot doubt that numbers of clergymen can be found who are excellently adapted to perform the service—we have heard a clergyman in a small country parish church read the prayers in a manner which Steele's preacher could not have surpassed—and if the gentlemen who hold office at present are not capable, why are they retained? Are there no young or middle-aged men left, or are all of that class in the church affected, and conceited of their vocal powers? Again, it surely cannot be a very difficult matter to get vergers who will do their duty in preventing interruption, instead of wandering about in search of some one with a shilling between his fingers. There are no difficulties in the way which determination would fail to remove. To the Dean of St. Paul's, who, in addition to his spotless character as a dignitary of the Church, deserves our sincere respect for his learning and talents, and to the Dean of Westminster, who has likewise distinguished himself in letters no less than in divinity, we appeal. Let them see to it that the sacred buildings over which they preside are not desecrated by disorderly crowds and bribed vergers, and that the Service, for which they must feel even an affection, shall not be rendered less an instrument of doing good through the incompetency or the carelessness of those who undertake to perform it.

#### THE ILLNESS AND THE TREATMENT OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

To nine-tenths of the inhabitants of these islands, the first intimation of the Prince Consort's illness was the bulletin of Friday, December the 13th, issued not more than a day before his death. The apparent suddenness of the event not only astonished the nation, but very many medical men themselves, especially as the malady is known to have been typhoid fever. It is true that the symptoms at the commencement of all fevers are pretty much alike, simulating those of a feverish cold; but it is not usual to find these symptoms described as "having undergone little change," to use the language of the official bulletin, up to within two days of the fatal termination of the case. We know that bulletins, when treating of royal personages, are purposely so worded as to convey as little information as possible of the real nature of the case; and we are informed, on the authority of the *Lancet*, that even this little was lessened by the hand of her Majesty, who, from a fear of alarming the country, struck out of the account a hint of serious apprehensions. With all these allowances made for impediments



between court and people, there still remains the fact that a Prince, struck with typhoid fever, a malady generally of three weeks' duration, is only known to be in a dangerous state twenty-four hours before the great bell of St. Paul's informed the people that all is over. This fact alone, unless we desire to underrate the knowledge of the medical attendants, which we by no means wish to do, is sufficient, in these days, to condemn the smooth and meaningless style of official royal bulletins, which were all very well in a less sincere age.

The wishes of the profession, as uttered in the *Lancet*, for some further expression of opinion than we have hitherto had relative to the symptoms and treatment of the Prince, are not, therefore, unnatural. As yet we know nothing of even the presumed cause of the malady. It has been hinted that the proximate cause was a cold caught at Cambridge, on the Prince's visit to his son, where it is said that he slept in a room which had not been occupied for fifteen years. Then, again, we are told that the Prince caught cold at a review of the Eton boys a fortnight before his illness; but the disease was typhoid fever, and that is a disease of dirt and foul air: how could the Prince have contracted such an illness in the royal halls of Windsor? It is said that no fortification is stronger than its weakest point, and this remark particularly applies to sanitary science. The dwelling of a Prince may be perfect in every particular, but if the poorer dwellings adjacent are in an unsound sanitary condition, the expense lavished upon his own dwelling goes for nothing. It will be remembered that, in the latter end of the year 1858, Sir James Clarke reported that typhoid fever was prevailing epidemically in Windsor, and it has been asserted that not less than 400 persons were attacked. The drains of the town were examined, and found to be, as far as their construction went, perfect; but the inspecting engineer reported that "it was systematically without adequate exterior ventilation, and ventilated into the houses of the inhabitants, completely nullifying the advantages which otherwise would have resulted from the excellent plan of works which had been carried out." The outlet of the drain, we are given to understand, empties into the Thames, and is liable to the action of the wind, which, in certain directions, drives all the foul gases back into the town dwellings. This being the case, we see what little reliance can be placed on the statement of the local Board of Works, that the drainage of Windsor is perfect. It would then seem that there is a very good case made out for an inquiry, both into the treatment of the late Prince Consort, and also into the means of preventing the further spread of the disease of which he died. We have seen the result of the fatal neglect in this particular in the Imperial Palace at Lisbon—three princes carried off within a month of each other, through causes referable to bad drainage. With such warning, will it not be criminal neglect on the part of the authorities, if they subject any other members of the Royal Family to the like chances of disease?

It has been matter of surprise to many of our contemporaries, that a disease, when taken early, of a not very fatal character, should have made an easy prey of a Prince with such a good constitution and placed in favourable conditions for recovering. But are we not here taking too much for granted? Prince Albert has not for years looked well, and it is known that he returned from his autumn trip to the Highlands in less than his usual spirits. A large and very excellent photograph (taken by Mayall) of his Royal Highness, a short time before his decease, is wonderfully indicative of depressed vital force—the eye is heavy, the expression leaden, and the whole countenance droops. Read by the light of the late melancholy occurrence, we can see in that sad face the shadow of the coming event. That all the outward conditions of his life had been favourable to him—that excellent food and soft raiment had been in abundance, and that every creature comfort of the best kind was within his reach, told rather against him than otherwise, for when the fatal fever dart had sped, its poison did its work on a constitution incapable of being placed in more favourable conditions. The poor underfed pauper might have been snatched from a foul den, his food might have been rendered more nutritious, his drinks more stimulating, his harassed mind rendered more calm; but the Prince had already exhausted all these powerful aids to recovery—every earthly aid was in his favour, and nothing more was left to draw upon. Then, again, we suspect that his very high station told against him.

We all remember the story of the Spanish monarch who was burnt to death because the requisite official, according to court etiquette, was not at hand to remove the brazier. Ours is not a Spanish Court of two centuries ago, nevertheless we all know that royalty, even in these days, is not without its drawbacks in this respect. It has been confidently said, that had the late Princess Charlotte been a washerwoman, both herself and child might have been alive at this moment; and had the Prince been of lower station, it is very probable that at an early period of his disease he would have been sent to bed, instead of having been allowed to wheel himself about from room to room, as he is said to have done, thereby exhausting that strength which was at the last moment so cruelly and fatally taxed. Again, the Prince had the doubtful benefit of four physicians to consult upon his case. We all know what is said in private life when the doctor-power is thus increased—it is a sign, it is true, of the desperate condition of the patient, and might therefore be considered a portent of what is coming; but, in the Prince's case, there were four physicians in attendance at an early period of the case. It is impossible to say one word against any one of these learned men; they possess the full confidence of the profession, and are all known as

leaders; but councils of war don't fight, and we fear councils of physicians are lacking in that direct responsibility which is so conducive to a good result. One man gives way to another, the junior does not like to urge his own opinion against his elders—an average treatment, if we may so term it—a middle course—is thus adopted, which may be very good in politics, but is apt to fail at the bedside. It is well known that the junior in this case was Dr. Jenner, a man who has devoted all his life to fevers of the character under consultation, and it is saying nothing derogatory of the other physicians when we assert that in his hands the case would have been better left, than in those of the quartet whose names are found appended to the bulletins.

In concluding our remarks upon this unhappy event, we cannot help reverting to the very different manner in which these royal deaths have been viewed in England and Portugal, as it is in itself good evidence of the state of medical and sanitary science in the two countries. In Portugal we find that the mob, moved by a mediæval spirit, attributed the death of its princes to human agency, and in a paroxysm of mad fury broke into the apothecaries' shops, and destroyed all the poison to be found therein. Even the lives of the physicians and courtiers were in jeopardy, and it required the signatures of no less than twenty-five medical men as attesting witnesses to the fact that no poison was found in the body of the late King to re-assure the public mind. In England, on the contrary, the desire for explanations respecting the treatment of the late Prince comes from the medical profession, and the only suspicion of poisoning is sought to be traced to a natural agency which preventive medicine alone can combat. In the palace of the Necessaries the hand of the poisoner, directed by dynastic hatred, is suspected; in the Palace of Windsor the breath of the drain directed against its illustrious victim by defective engineering skill,—the result of the two conclusions may be all the same to the dead princes, but to the living the difference is immense.

#### THE POST OFFICE LONDON DIRECTORY.

If any one desires to have a good view of London, let him not go to the top of St. Paul's. Here it is for him—London epitomized—the abstract and brief chronicle of our giant metropolis. If, for his special benefit, the inhabitants were to keep out their fires for one day, and Nature were to follow up this obliging courtesy by keeping away her mists and fogs, and by lighting up every street, lane, square, park, and suburb, with her best sunshine—though the prospect would be grander with all its veritable life, and toil, and swarming energies—it would be too vast for the sight to take in and the mind to comprehend. And what cicerone would be competent and patient enough to explain all those objects of interest on which the eye would fasten?—to tell the name of this building, of that suburb, of yonder bend in the river, or of the thousand features that would rouse the spirit of inquiry? All this meets us on the very threshold of the Post Office Directory. In the dense centre of London we trace the great thoroughfares, and the bye-streets, almost all named, which interlace them like the fibres of a monstrous spider's web; and with seven-leagued glances we pass almost in an instant from Brent Reservoir, in the far north-west, to Burnt Ash Green, in the remote south-east; and from Combe Park, in the south-west, to Church-street, beyond Low Leyton, far away to the north-east. What quiet spots do we find named in this wonderful map which we had thought were too minute and humble for such public honours. Little road-side hostleries; narrow, deep-rutted country lanes, leading past the village kirk and over the village stream, but remarkable for nothing. Here is Plumb Farm, lying south-east, to the right of Hither Green Lane. And here, too, is Lady Well, where we have stopped to drink, like the traveller at the well of St. Keyne, after pacing, on a hot summer's day, the interminable pathway of long, lazy Lewisham.

But the map is only the frontispiece of the work. It shows us the streets, the places of note; the huge frame of the metropolis; but not the men that dwell within it. If we think of the inhabitants as we look upon it, we think of them as three millions of men, with some general division into east-end men and west-end men, rich and poor, fashionable and unfashionable. If we wish to know not only their local habitation but their names, we must "screw our courage to the sticking place," and go manfully through the 2,337 pages, in double and triple columns, of the Directory itself. Here we may learn which of our neighbours is provided for at the public expense; and what public office has in return the inestimable blessing of his services. If we have long been speculating on what particular branch of industry the gentleman over the way employs himself, no matter how carefully he may endeavour to conceal his craft, this inexorable book unearths the awful fact which lies at the bottom of his mystery. It may be millinery, it may be coals; it may be tripe; the "Trades Directory" will inform us. And this Directory, quite apart from the special interest thus indicated, is far more interesting than its dense mass of small type would allow us to expect. It shows us the wants of one half of our London world reflected in the labours of the other half. What an interminable list is this under the head of "Bakers." To think that every one of these men, though his place in the Directory is less than the eighth of an inch, pours forth upon society every morning, except Sundays, a stream of quarterns and half quarterns of hot rolls for breakfast, of currant buns, wine cakes, mixed biscuits, tops and bottoms! To think that this baker, this man of dough, this mere fellow in a red nightcap, and as choked up with flour as a chimney-sweep with soot,



is the stay and prop, of course for a consideration, of the life of that august merchant who thinks no more of him than he would of a penny roll! Look again at this prodigious list of butchers, toiling from morning till night to allay the metropolitan appetite. But, above all, what shall we say of these fifty columns of publicans, with upwards of one hundred names to each column, and of those sixteen columns of beer retailers, all of whom minister to the thirst, and more or less to the hunger, of London? Then there are not less than seventeen speculators on the wants of mankind who devote themselves wholly and solely to the manufacture of muffins and crumpets; no less than eighty who sell poultry and nothing else, and are by no means to be confounded with the fishmongers who unite with their traffic in the fishes of the deep a sprinkling of the birds of the air; and upwards of eighty who discharge their duty to society in the capacity of tripe-dressers! Oh, this eating and drinking—what a tale does our Directory unfold of the vast hole it makes in the affairs of life! And these chemists and druggists—what does their number tell of the moderation of our appetites? What on earth can London, the healthiest city in the world, want with 800 dispensers of drugs, apart from Heaven knows how many general practitioners who dispense their own nostrums, were it not that appetite doth grow by what it feeds on, and that the eye of man—ay, and of woman—is larger than the member on whose powers this awful tax of digestion is laid.

But not to indulge too far in these considerations, which possibly may at times come home reproachfully to the reader, though not, it is to be hoped, bitterly, we hardly know anything in the way of popular statistics more interesting than the bird's eye view we have here of the relative proportions of the trades of London, and of their number and character. In the whole Directory for 1862 there are 152,701 names, of which 8,800 come under the class "official," 1,089 under "clerical," 38,016 under "court," and 104,796 under "commercial." There is, therefore, no longer any reason why one half the metropolitan world should be ignorant how the other half lives. But as well as the men whose names and addresses it records, the Directory itself has a history, and not an uninteresting one. This huge volume, which only the giant who waded across the Irish sea to give battle to Fingal could have carried in his waistcoat pocket, was not always the portly Directory it is. It began with the century, and consisted in its first shape of a single list, and that only of names of persons in business, occupying about 250 duodecimo pages, with some thirty-two additional pages of miscellaneous matter. It was set on foot by the inspector of letter-carriers. By these men the names and addresses were collected, till the year 1846, when, though they derived a considerable income from the sale of the work, they objected to the labour of "corrections," and Mr. Frederick Kelly, into whose hands the work passed in 1836, organized an indoor and outdoor staff, by whose labours it is what we see it. But in all the years which elapsed between 1800 and 1836 so little was its mission or capacities understood, that in addition to the original alphabetical list, only seventy-eight pages were devoted to postal and other information, and 166 to a guide to stage-coaches. But there was a coming man who was to change all this, and he came in 1836 in the person of the gentleman above named. Nature had formed him for the Directory, as she had formed the Directory for him. In 1840, the old and squat duodecimo form disappeared, and in its place we have the handsome imperial octavo before us, comprising an Alphabetical Directory, Law Directory, Trades Directory, Parliamentary Directory, Post-office Directory, Conveyance Directory, and Banking Directory—the whole consisting of 870 pages. In 1841, a Street Directory and a Court Directory were added; in 1842 an Official Directory; in 1843 a City Directory. By 1844 the number of pages had increased 1,970. How all this has been done, and is still done, we might tell had we space. We might take our readers to Old Boswell-court, and show them a staff of fifty gentlemen, whose lives are spent in putting these names into order, in cutting up the Directory as soon as it is published into thousand of slips, each containing a name and address, and parting each upon a different sheet of paper. We might then show them how in the course of next September these sheets will be carried from door to door by the outdoor staff, and your name, reader, sent into you with the query, "Is this correct?" at the bottom. If so, it is returned amongst the class of names in which there is no alteration; if you have left your abode of last year, it is returned amongst the class of names to be taken out; if you are a new comer, you go into a third class. A world of minute and anxious labour lies in all this. Nor is it performed for London alone. One by one the counties are gradually being provided with directories through the labours of Mr. Kelly's staff when they are not engaged in the metropolis. The distant suburbs, too, which, in 1860, in consequence of the unconscionable growth of London, were eliminated from the parent Directory, are now provided with a Directory of their own. Therefore, this Falstaff of a volume, this large mountain of print, this venerable mass of information to which we feel almost inclined to take off our hat, is but the parent of many other Directories larger than their sire was in the days of his long minority. What they or it may yet come to, who shall say? But, assuredly, they are amongst the greatest marvels of our time.

#### POACHERS AND THE GAME LAWS.

THE Assizes seldom pass by without a few brace of poachers being arraigned at the bar for committing a murderous assault, or a reckless homicide; and the Winter Assize for the county of Stafford is one of the

most fruitful in these trials. In some counties the preserving mania, as it has been called by the poachers' friends, assumes the form of an epidemic, which inoculates the landowners, gentry, and clergy all round, and is believed to invade with partiality the wisdom of Justices on the Bench. In a country life it is well known that the poacher plays a conspicuous part. Landlords are apt to see him in every bush; and the keepers watch for him with trained subtlety and quiet determination. Since highwaymen have become extinct, he is the only picturesque bandit left to our civilization. He is dogged and hunted at great expense by the lord of the manor, who is obliged to keep up a large body of retainers with the sole object of being always ready to oppose force with force. It is true, these are merely preparations of a defensive kind. But it seems, from a recent trial at Stafford, that a gamekeeper has struck out a new practice, borrowed probably from something similar in the Southern States of America—that of pursuing all trespassers with powerful mastiffs.

This novelty in the art of kidnapping poachers deserves to be specially noted. We are told by the reports that, "About five o'clock on the morning of the 11th of November, three keepers of the Duke of Sutherland were watching, when they heard the report of a gun, and they soon found some men with a gun and nets. Owen, one of the keepers, let a dog he had with him, which was muzzled, go at the men, and it caught Johnson, who was thus detained until Owen could get to him. An affray then took place, in the course of which Owen was beaten in so severe a manner that he was compelled to keep his bed nine days, and the dog was shot." The men were afterwards identified, and at the trial the judge took some notice of the muzzled dog. Mr. Baron Martin, with his usual common sense, said "he had some doubt with regard to this matter of the dog. No one could blame a man for taking out a dog with him by night to protect himself, just as they had dogs to protect their yards and houses; but he would admit that to him it was a very different question, whether or not the gamekeepers had a right to take dogs, whether muzzled or not—he did not know that it made any difference—not for their own protection, but to let loose and run after poachers. He would himself take measures to ascertain the legality or illegality of this; but it was a matter that had nothing to do with the question now before the jury, which was, whether the four prisoners were or were not guilty of night poaching."

Other cases were tried at the same time more or less serious in their circumstances, and the respective prisoners were sentenced to several months' imprisonment. Most of these were old offenders, one person having eaten no less than twenty-one Christmas dinners in gaol. And the judge added that he knew of a case where a man had eaten twenty-three Christmas dinners in gaol for poaching; and being on the twenty-fourth occasion discharged a few days before Christmas, he sent the gaoler on Christmas Day a present of a brace of pheasants and a hare.

These reports disclose a state of things which is often pointed out as one of the scandals of the Statute Book. The problem of what is the best mode of dealing with poachers, has long perplexed our social philosophers; but a great deal of misdirected sympathy is often thrown away on a class of persons who little deserve it. The number of poaching offences, which are of an aggravated character, is about 100 a-year; while those of a petty character, being chiefly illegal trespasses, is about 8,500. The aggravated cases may be said to be invariably committed by the habitual and hardened poachers—those desperate characters who have become confirmed in the practice of the illicit sport, and who are ready to commit other crimes, if necessary, to escape detection. Of the more venial offences, probably nine-tenths are also committed by the regular poachers—men who, from an incurable dislike to regular employments and steady labour, prefer the surreptitious sport with all its dangers, and brave the dungeon and the gaol rather than use the pickaxe or the spade. Yet such offenders are pitied by the monied gentry who people towns, and who fancy that the rural gentry are constantly pursuing and harassing them with fiendish malignity. They descry in the poacher nothing but a promising young villager, imbued with a love of nature, who in some youthful frolic, led away by wholesome excitement, gives chase to a hare or pheasant, and is suddenly seized by keepers and sent to gaol, with his character ruined, and nothing left for him in the future but to return in self-defence to the very pursuit which first betrayed him. His very innocence became a snare. On the other hand, the country gentlemen give a very different account of the poacher. They see him gradually expand from precocious mischief to idleness, and all the perversities of village life, until he becomes at last a full-blown poacher. The very same class who in towns haunt the public-houses and achieve the familiar acquaintance of the detective police, devote themselves in the still life of the country to nothing else than poaching. They are the more robust of their order, and, being not so light-fingered, they prefer the slow career of illicit sports to the more dexterous and quickwitted pursuits of their brethren in the towns.

One of the most powerful arguments which the opponents of the Game Laws bring forward is the inveterate sympathy of the lower orders with the poacher. The theory of the poor is said to be that game is a gift of Providence, intended for the poor as well as the rich; and, therefore, all alike ought to share in it, and the squire has no right to monopolise the game on his estate. Hence, poor people will not look upon poaching as a crime. This argument, however, is equally applicable to all the other fruits of the earth; and yet it is pretty well recognized that the farmer is



entitled to his wheat, his turnips, and his apples, and that to take these is a common case of larceny. It may be a sore temptation for a hungry villager to abstain from robbing an orchard or a hen-roost, just as it is equally trying for the city mendicant to pass all the bakers' and butchers' shops without exerting a muscle. It is true that game is not, strictly speaking, property, but it is not the less clear that the owner of the land or of its surface is the only person legitimately entitled to its fruits—a stranger commits a trespass in order to get at the game, and this is a legal wrong. A man's field is as much his exclusive property as his house, and he ought to be entitled to protection against those who invade the one as much as against those who invade the other.

The real mischief of the Game Laws, if indeed it is curable, arises from the necessity of giving somewhat extraordinary powers to landowners and their keepers to arrest trespassers and poachers, and take the game out of their hands. These are powers which the common law does not sanction, and they require great nicety in using them, so as not to provoke retaliation and bloodshed. No one, not even a trespasser, likes to be seized and forcibly held by a man not a regular constable, or officer of the law, and it is no doubt owing to the rude and violent way in which this seizure is made by gamekeepers that most of the homicides, murders, and aggravated assaults arise. Yet, on the other hand, to allow the common poacher to go without immediate arrest would be only to encourage the evil. The difficulty is how to reconcile these two results. The habitual practice of poaching, it can scarcely be denied, is demoralizing. It is not the steady and well-disposed poor who feel the irresistible attractions of the pursuit, but that small portion of them who take to poaching merely because no other form of evil is so convenient. The pursuit of game is one of the ordinary incidents of property or exclusive ownership, and while the owners are justified in protecting themselves against depredations, it would no doubt be better if this could be done without the necessity of too stringent powers which may savour of tyranny. Yet the Game Laws are founded on a principle of essential justice. The poor must learn to respect the rights of property as well as the rich. It is not the less even-handed justice that the poor are debarred from a luxury which the rich enjoy only by paying for it. But if the landowners insist on stretching their powers and vindicating their rights with the aid of ferocious mastiffs which attack good and bad alike, there is a sufficient love of justice to check the practice, as there was to check the practice of laying spring-guns and man-traps, if not by the law, at least by Act of Parliament.

#### MODERN ENGLISH WOMEN.—No. XVII.

##### THE IMPULSIVE WOMAN.

ALL on fire, all excitement and turmoil, with her pulse at fever heat and her blood a-boiling—panting, laughing, sobbing, blushing—never in the middle way, but ever tearing over the hedge or floundering in the ditch—unsafe as a guide, unwise as a friend, most loveable as a human creature in the distance, most deplorable as a house mate close at hand; now a tigress with unsheathed claws, now a dove cooing softest melody—Heaven bless the impulsive woman, but may I be preserved from her close communion! Yet I like to contemplate her in the abstract—say at Jerusalem or Timbuctoo; I am glad, even, to shake hands with her over high park palings, and to see how she rushes about and upsets the stiffer gravities on the other side of the fence; I like to think of her ruining herself in doing unobliged kindnesses to her fellow-creatures—to know that there she is, ever ready for some absurd, romantic, wild-goose action—running after the rainbow to find her neighbours a pot of gold where it dips into the earth, lending her nets to catch another's fish, and burning her own fingers in roasting another's chestnuts; it is pleasant in this selfish old world of ours to find anything all heart and no calculation; but the pleasure is spoilt if it comes too near, and the refreshing shower, which one rejoices to see descend upon the parched grass and flowers is not quite so welcome when it drenches oneself to the skin. The impulsive woman is that shower. She may refresh the thirsty earth where it needs, but if she waters my neighbour's orchard, she beats down my own corn-field with the watering-pot; she was never known yet to do good without dragging into the sacrifice some conviction unwillingly concerned, and obliged to suffer. Wherefore is she one of the most expensive luxuries of the family circle; and one whose impulsiveness has often cost her people greater wealth than mere money payment.

The impulsive woman is generally capable of every folly possible to humanity. Whether for generous giving or still more generous sacrifice, whether for passionate reproach or damaging reprisals, she is up and ready at a moment's notice; never waiting, like the colder sort, for armour rusted by disuse, or wanting a spur to prick her lagging sides. She will empty her purse on some canting beggar whose fittest place would be the treadmill, and his recreation picking oakum, or she will undertake a quarrel with her dearest friend—the friend of many years and many trials—on the colour of a ribbon or the wording of a note. A quarrel, by the way, which she will in all probability conclude by asking an impulsive pardon, and crying an impulsive *mea culpa*, even though she has not been to blame; if that were possible in any of the impulsive woman's relations with the world. But always balancing with both feet as she is, and never standing firm and square, we need not be surprised if we see her start off on the wrong side of the rope, for, even if she starts off on the right, she is sure before long to have scrambled over the cross-bars, and be found stumbling among the pitfalls. Nothing ever kept her straight yet; and nothing ever will.

To servants the impulsive woman is not wholly an undesirable mistress. True, she may rate them roundly to-day, if they have left a line awry, but then to-morrow she will, perhaps, give them plum pudding and a holiday, and pity them so heartily, poor things! for their hard lives, and all the slavery and work involved therein! In proof whereof she will let them off some of their primary duties, and will congratulate herself on her firmness, if

she does not confess that she was hard upon them yesterday, and ought to ask their pardon. Servants do not object to scratches like these when they get such golden plasters, and an impulsive mistress will always have a good word from them, though it be not prompted by any very nice discrimination. She is less laudable as a mother, because children need to respect as well as to love, and are not content to be struck with the one hand and caressed with the other, never knowing which will be raised first. The greatest need of all young and weak life is, that the arm on which they lean should be strong, and the hand that guides them steady. They must have stability, else the world goes all awry with them; and stability is just the quality in which the impulsive woman fails, utterly and without redemption. Thus and thus as mistress and mother, what, then, is she as wife? A wild, soft-hearted tigress, a thing all flame and fury, and scalding tears, and red hot cheeks, and passionate devotion, and wild Bacchante eyes alight with eagerness to put the match to the gun-powder barrel and blow propriety and common sense to the winds. If the impulsive woman gives her husband no monotony, neither does she suffer him to enjoy repose. If she feed him richly, she feeds him to a surfeit; and when he complains of headache, she beats a drum in his ears by way of cure. Of all poor male creatures led in unsympathetic marital bonds, give most pity and compassion to him who claims the legal proprietorship of an impulsive woman! Does she ever let him rest? Does she ever soften down an annoyance or still an utterance? If a pin pricks her, she shrieks out that a snake has stung her; and if a frog, in the twilight, hops across her path, she cries as if a bear was looking over the hedge—not from cowardice or the want of endurance, but from excitability and the want of reticence—the habit that she has of always obeying her first impulses, whatever their character or direction. And as for the matter of quarrelling and making up, perpetually going on between her and her unhappy mate, no child of ten years old was ever less disciplined than the impulsive woman of any number of years under a century. Her home life, indeed, is one perpetual alternation of frowns and smiles, pouting and kissing, threats of divorce and fond reminiscences of the bridal day—a burning July sun swept over by bleak December snows. It is the most uncomfortable life in the world, and the most uncomfortable house for friends to visit; for our impulsive woman repudiates veils and modest masks, and lets all the world see the whole truth, naked, undisguised, and not ashamed. And when it is ill blood between her and that poor tiger-warden of hers, the merest strangers are admitted as spectators of the skirmishes and bickerings proper to that condition; and when it is fair weather no one is denied the contemplation of the little endearments, and fond caresses, and patent love-making which sign her ardent protocol of peace. For she cannot conceal; that faculty has not been given to her; and, indeed, if she were not "to open her heart," whenever that organ is surcharged—and it is always being surcharged—she would probably lose her mind. Consequently she takes society at large into her confidence, and it is not her fault if every acquaintance on her visiting list does not know as much of her business as she herself. Her expenditure and her income, and the characteristics of her husband on both sides the medal; what her children said of Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So, and what she herself thinks of Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So—always expressed in the broadest red and blue lines possible,—what are her ailments, and her children's ailments, and her husband's ailments, and the ailments and constitutions of his and her progenitors, certainly as far back as their respective grandfathers (to show her own pure organization generally); what she pays her butcher in the year, and how much butter her household consumes per head; what her last spring bonnet cost, and what was new lace and what renovated velvet; and what cloak she is thinking of buying, or shall it be a cloak or a shawl?—in a word, not the very smallest circumstance of her daily life does she think it necessary to keep back from the universal ear of the world; and a morning call of half an hour in her drawing-room is the best lesson in psychology which the student of human nature could desire. But the impulsive woman, though so loose-lipped on her own account, is not necessarily a tell-tale, a gossip about her neighbours, or a faith-breaker to her friends. I have known one who kept back nothing of her private and individual life, yet with whom her friends' secrets were safe as in the grave, and who, though soft as wax and as easily melted for all that was personal and impulsive, was yet hard and true as steel where honour or fidelity was concerned. Still, as a rule, people do not like to trust their secrets into the keeping of impulsive women. The foundations may be quite secure, but, if the house rocks to every summer zephyr, one gets uncomfortable thoughts and ugly dreams, and prefers a somewhat less impressionable and more sedate tabernacle. It is quite a matter apart though, whether she is trustworthy or no; her impulsiveness neither guaranteeing her faithful nor proving her faithless. What it does guarantee is her truth and honesty for the moment; for she could not be impulsive if she did not dash into matters with her whole heart and soul. A half-hearted woman is never impulsive.

Just as impulsive is she, too, in all social movements. Half of the whole class started wildly forward to offer themselves as nurses for the Crimean soldiers; a noble and praiseworthy movement enough, but in some instances very far out as to individual fitness. And who but these same women would struggle for entrance at the great gates of the first parallelogram, if one could be raised on English land? Who are Mr. Prince's female Agapemones? Who turn their faces Utah-wards? And who do and say wild things about Garibaldi, and Kossuth, and the man Louis,—not very like to either? Impulsive women; women without rein or bridle, and a loose spur always dangling, like the Neapolitan racers; women who have no brains but what are inside their hearts, and who obey their wildest pulses as others would obey their clearest thoughts; women who are the prize characters of novelists, and the most terrible mistakes of homes.

Rarely is the house of the married impulsive woman well managed, for it is never managed on a square, well-calculated basis, and consequently is always tumbling together in unexpected angles. If she gives an evening party, say, as one out of many possible illustrations, and her rooms hold fifty people with a squeeze, she will be sure to ask a hundred; the overplus bidden, not by calculation, but in a loose, impulsive way, because she meets them on the high road, or they call on her, or she is suddenly brought in contact with them somehow. In consequence whereof her entertainments are almost always failures, because conducted from first to last in a "messy," unscientific, and uncalculating manner. Another time she has half a cold neck of mutton for dinner; two



powerfully-gifted gastronomers call on her; impulsively she asks them to remain; and when the dinner appears—let the veil fall before the dishes! In fact, she is always committing some stupid, good-natured folly, and cannot even shop with ordinary common sense, but must needs buy a whole cargo of trash because she is impulsive, and the shopmen know the ways that lead her to temptation. Another of her peculiarities, too, connected with this matter of shopping, is her habit of confidences with the shopmen. She generally tells them the special purpose for which she is about to use her purchases; asks their advice concerning cloths and stuffs, with a touching degree of reliance on their unselfishness and consideration; and, if she has a commission to execute, is sure to let them know the name and exact relationship with herself of the lady commissioning. But then, poor thing, she has no dignity of manner at any time, and, what with her impulsiveness and her excitement, loses herself and her self-control in the most wonderful way on the smallest occasion. I have seen her as wild, and what the French would call, without rein, because she has had to stop an omnibus, or to take a railway-ticket, as many other women would be if the house was on fire, or they had to face a mad bull. And whatever her station or education, I have never met with one of the class who could come into a room with grace, sit at the head of her own table with decorum, or perform any function of social life whatsoever with dignity or thorough breeding. Moreover, she has often a habit of muttering impulsively to herself; always says more than she means to say; very often speaks vehemently, even though intrinsically good-natured; and by her confusedness and want of steadiness gives herself the appearance of exaggeration and insincerity. She is not this, she is simply impulsive.

Another faculty of hers is the facility of losing her way. Not that she is shortsighted, or phrenologically destitute of "locality," but she is unbalanced and unsteady, and never knows the points of the compass, or can read off her right hand from her left. She is to be seen making wildly to the east when her place lies due west, and the north rejoices in her presence when the south is mourning for her absence. What can an impulsive woman know of localities? Enough for her if, after many wanderings, her straying feet come into the home road at last.

The impulsive woman is always in some form of scrape; now she has burnt her fingers by incautious talking; now by generous profuseness; yesterday she said out her heart, and her heart was laden with censure, whereby she made an enemy for life; to-day she pours out a world of love—just the impulsive growth of the moment—and finds herself committed to a friendship she never seriously meant to undertake. It was always so; when she was a girl, and even long after she has married and her first young charms had paled and faded, she got herself into love scrapes by the hundred. Without a thought of moral evil she lets herself be drawn into positions of infinite peril and disaster, as inevitably as the child's toy-swan follows the concealed magnet. She compromises herself a dozen times through life, so far as outside appearances go; and, indeed, were not human beings and men's judgments merciful, the poor loving, good-hearted, impulsive woman would be under perpetual ban. As it is, her friends have hard work to set her fairly on her course again, after one of her many founderingings, and the best thing that can happen to her is, to get the character of being "odd," and "doing odd things," but "without harm in them."

On the whole, she is the most perplexing, damaging, and bewildering, but also one of the most loveable creatures of all the woman tribe. Yet, while confessing to a strong abstract admiration of her, I admit freely that I would as soon live in the same cage with a philanthropic lioness as with an impulsive woman of decided mental tendencies and robust animal health. When she confines herself to sentimentalities she is bad enough to bear; but when she is strong as well as rapid, and earnest as well as energetic, she is beyond the power of most ordinary mortals to endure. Wherefore I say again, God bless the impulsive woman; but may I be preserved from her close communion, and never, for my sins, made to tread the winding paths of her eccentric and unorderly life!

#### PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE drama and the theatre have long been acknowledged to be two very different things; and they were never more separated than at present. The theatres have, after many efforts, pretty well emancipated themselves from criticism, and, throwing off the mask of a fictitious virtue, have acknowledged that they exist only to attract and amuse. It is quite as well that the pretences of being the moralists of the time, and of teaching by example, should be thrown aside; for they certainly cannot, in their present state, be or do either the one or the other. There are many good as well as many bad reasons why our theatres should be in this state; and it is always well for any art that we should distinctly understand what pretensions it makes. At least, we have the frank admission that our theatres are shows, and that scenery, dancing, and decoration are the mainstays of the stage. It is of no avail that the poor Muses should go about, the one weeping and the other gibing at this state of affairs, for it is a very natural result of a variety of circumstances. The history of all national dramas is much the same: they begin with high aims and end with very low performances. The drama of every people is one of the earliest offshoots of civilization. Men, like children, are best instructed through fiction; and of all story-telling, the dramatic is the most effective. The Church, both Pagan and Christian, early saw the educational power contained in acted stories; and, interspersing with the acting sage and grave remonstrances and moral instruction, made it a formidable weapon in the hands of the legislators and civilizers. Our own drama is a strong instance of the natural progress of the drama and of theatrical amusements in every country. Our ecclesiastics dramatized the Scriptures, and in nine-day dramas told the history of the Creation, the Fall, and the Redemption. After the lapse of a certain time the multitude became more refined, and as the sacred volume was opened to them by the Reformation, they got beyond the childish realisation of such sublime themes, and the moral and historical form of the drama succeeded. In the histories, as such dramas were called in Shakspeare's time, every important reign of our kings, and almost every important event in our annals, was dramatized. Fortunately, during this fashion, the dramatizing fell into the hands of the brightest intellects of the age; and they adorned with the finest poetry, and the most sagacious wisdom, the subjects they treated of. The thirty-seven plays of Shaks-

peare, the actor, manager, and dramatist, form the grandest collection of wit, fancy, imagination, wisdom, and morality, the world has yet had given to it. His genius was remarkably fitted to his time, and the circumstances of his age were wonderfully fitted to him. In the latter part of the Elizabethan period the drama occupied the place and office of the modern press and periodical literature. It descanted and moralized on every thing. It ventured to dramatize passing occurrences, and was frequently checked for its bold advocacy of new doctrines. It was used for poetical purposes, and it allegorized many subjects it dared not treat of openly. The foremost men of the time, those in advance of their age, made use of it to stalk their shots at social and political abuses. The dramatists or their enactors were frequently checked and punished for meddling with State affairs. The Earls of Essex and Southampton, two daring spirits, and leagued with still stronger heads and better hearts, used even the immortal dramatist for their purposes. There is no improbability in supposing that they and others suggested themes; and that men like Bacon and Raleigh sketched scenes and wrote speeches which advanced their lofty views or party schemes, as Ministers of our day have been said to supply the columns of leading journals. The stage, with the exception of the pulpit, was then the only outlet for popular thoughts and novel ideas. While such was the case, we do not wonder that the drama retained its ambitious position and essayed to teach and interest rather than excite and amuse. When periodical literature invaded its rule, and literature generally usurped its place, it gradually sank; and, calling spectacle and music and singing to its aid, it virtually laid aside its educational and instructive office. Then naturally the execution of a drama was thought more of than its authorship, and the actor became a more important person than the dramatist. For a long period, so much are nations as well as individuals the creatures of custom, it remained the fashion for the drama to attempt to be didactic. "Lessons" in blank verse were endeavoured to be forced down the people's throats; but society found elsewhere than in the theatre so much of dissertation, exposition, and moralizing, that they began to weary of their theatrical partridge. The newspapers, with their well-written leaders, and the other periodicals, with their endless variety of illustration, became formidable rivals to the stage; and the educated portion of society turned away from dissertation in the latter quarter. It no longer harmonized with the plan and idea of a theatre. This course of events, and these new arrangements of social circumstances, may well interpret how it is that the stage has lost its power as a great representative of opinion, or enforcer of didactic truths. There are, of course, other circumstances tending to turn our theatres into shows. The immense increase of a partially-educated community; the natural instinct to congregate in masses; and the desire to have the senses cheered and the intellect amused after the severe strain society demands in the first ten hours of the social day—all combine to reduce our theatres and elevate our public-houses to a mixture of show and tavern, and to entertain us with semi-intellectual and semi-sensual recreations.

It cannot be said that the Muses have quite fled the playhouses; for Comedy still makes efforts to maintain her potency, and retains in her hand a few of the lashes of her once dreadful satiric scourge. Tragedy, however, may be said only to make her appearance in revivals; and even those are almost exclusively confined to the exceptional tragedies of our one great dramatist. In glancing over the theatrical events of the past year we find no production likely to become a portion of our literature. All is light, sketchy, water-colour drafting; pleasant enough, but as evanescent as the past fine days and sunshiny hours we have had. We say this in no complaining spirit, for we take it to be a necessary consequence of the circumstances which create and mould public taste. And of all theatrical maxims that is the soundest which asserts that "those who live to please must please to live." The sturdier and more robust taste does, indeed, sometimes press out, as if it rather slept than was dead. The appearance of M. Fechter in *Hamlet* called forth the lovers of the intellectual style in public entertainments; and his performances of *Othello*, in the autumn, elicited a vigour of criticism which proved that the old notions and tastes were by no means dead. On the other hand, the continued run of the "Colleen Bawn" showed that the natural current of the time is towards vivid realization and sensational spectacle. The present entire occupation of the theatres with spectacular and pantomimic performances confirms our theory of the taste of the time and its causes. As, however, the productions, such as they are, differ exceedingly in quality, and have principles of their own which govern their existence, we may be expected to glance at them and judge each according to its species.

The three really popular pantomimes are those of Drury Lane, the Lyceum, and Covent Garden. The Drury Lane takes the lead by the magnitude of its proportions. Of course all such spectacles are judged of by the two scenes on which they depend, the ballet scene and the transformation scene. The first is to please the big, overgrown boys, who go to see the hundred nymphs who appear in some fairy haunt, which is almost realized by the painting of a Beverley, a Calcott, and a Telbin. Such scene-painters are the only really artistic producers in our modern theatres. Their effects, obtained chiefly by colour and light, can really be enjoyed by the mind as well as the senses. They may respectively be seen at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Olympic. The Haymarket pantomime is pretty, and well preserves the flavour of the old nursery tale and the fairy style. The St. James's is more classic, and has thus a grace and beauty about it that have a charm for the cultivated mind. Miss Herbert's *Andromeda*, it may be imagined, is graceful and tastefully classic. The little Strand Extravaganza is not quite up to the mark, and there is an inclination to attribute to its comic actors the deficiency which rests with the author. It must be acknowledged that the substitution of an inexperienced actress for Miss Marie Wilton, who has a genuine piquancy and vivacity, is a considerable hindrance to its success. The Princess's depends very much on the amusing acting of Master John Haslem, as Whittington's cat. There is also an expert cat at Drury Lane, which gambols funnily enough with Mother Hubbard's dog. A word is also due to the charmingly simple and humorous way in which the introduction to this pantomime is written. For



the outlying theatres of the suburbs the reader must minister to himself; and any adventurous seekers of novelty will find much in every way to amuse them. The rigid admirers of clowns and pantaloons, we are informed by those profoundly versed in such mysteries, will be more likely to find the genuine old-Bartlemy-fair humour in the outlying theatres.

The only actual theatrical novelty of the week is the appearance of a Miss Jane Coombs at the Haymarket, in the character of Constance in Knowles' much-worn play of the "Love Chase." The lady is one of the many actresses who have sought shelter from the warlike hurricane that has destroyed the theatres in America. As a stranger and a sojourner, we should like to give her welcome; but we cannot encourage her in a line of performance for which nature has not endowed her with that gush of animal spirits, and that union of a bold and brave manner with real feminine modesty, which the part requires. Constance with her is a shrew and little more. On Wednesday she played Juliana in the "Honey-moon," with the same characteristics. They seem to us to be unfortunate selections, for she has a stage knowledge and intelligence, and certain personal qualifications, which must be available in some characters.

Mr. Mark Lemon's appearance as a Lecturer at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street, must be noticed as a semi-theatrical event, although he gives a monologue. There is little to say about it, for it is scarcely more than a light stringing together of what Cunningham, Hunt, Jesse, Knight, and others, have more fully detailed, illustrated by small pictorial scenes by Messrs. Dalby and Thompson. Those who expect from the editor of *Punch* any broad grins will be mistaken. His manner is genial; his original remarks slight but humorous; and he contrasts ancient and modern manners with a happy vein of good-natured irony. The subject is so huge that all that can be done is to pick out quaint bits here and there, and, without regard to chronology, give a medley of how our ancestors fed, roystered, fought, and "processioned," for that is the only way we can express the interminable spectacular display that seems to have been continually going on in what are called the middle, but, according to Mr. Lemon's account, would be best described as the middling, ages. Had he treated of modern London, doubtless the broad humour and pungent wit of the editor of the weekly jester would have been more fully displayed.

#### THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE theatres being all in full flow with their Christmas pieces, there is little news stirring about them. The rumour that the restrictions as to the theatres opening in Passion week are to be done away with, has called forth a remonstrance from a religious body, the members of the English Church Union, who pray in their memorial to the Lord Chamberlain, "that the practice of your predecessors in this respect may be continued, and that regard may be had to the feelings of Churchmen, who view the change as a most serious innovation, and as one calculated to excite alarm in the minds of the religious public."

The difficulty in this matter is, that the Lord Chamberlain has only jurisdiction over the theatres; and thus the various music-halls, with all their medley entertainments, remain open and absorb the audiences that would otherwise go to the play-houses.

Madame Ristori is delighting the St. Petersburg people, and the Emperor and Empress are honouring her with personal notice.

The only novelties that we hear of are two little pieces at the Strand, and one next Monday at the Olympic. Mons. Fechter will return to the Princess's when the fashionable world returns to London, and appear as Iago—a character more suited to him than Othello. The Keans will re-appear at Drury Lane in February. The English season is drawing to a close at Covent Garden. The Lyceum and the Adelphi continue to run their Irish pieces, and are likely to do so up to Easter.

#### MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

WHO are the Sisters Marchisio? has been a frequent question in musical circles ever since the names of these vocalists appeared in the columns of our daily and weekly contemporaries. Their arrival in England and subsequent appearance at St. James's Hall, under the auspices of Mr. Land, were heralded, moreover, with such remarkable assiduity that the excitement provoked by these announcements was in no danger of dying out. To those at all acquainted with musical doings on the continent, the sisters Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio were no strangers, having occupied for some time a prominent position at the Grand Opera in Paris, where their performances in Rossini's opera of "Semiramide" obtained considerable success; but to the majority of the English public the career of these singers remained a "terra incognita." At last the public curiosity has been satisfied. The Sisters Marchisio have come, sung, and conquered. They appealed to the judgment of a London audience for the first time on Thursday and Saturday of last week, surrounded by an array of talent partly new to our concert-rooms; but, although encircled by high-sounding titles and foreign nomenclature, not entirely unknown. Madlle. Dario, for example, before visiting the sunny South, was, if we mistake not, a Miss Jessie Brandling. Madlle. "Elena" Conran, a daughter of Erin, was known by the name of Ellen Conran, while Mr. Walter Bolton, now "primo tenore of the Teatro Reale, Lisbon, and the principal theatres in Italy," formerly studied singing as a baritone at our Royal Academy of Music, then proceeded to Milan to receive instruction of Signor Prati, a celebrated *Maestro di canto*, under whom Mr. Walter Bolton was, it seems, successfully metamorphosed into a tenore. If we add to these the names of Signor Casselli (who, we are informed, is the *caro sposo* of Signora Carlotta Marchisio) and that of Signor Ciampi, the so called "buffo," besides a variety of instrumental performers, our readers will easily perceive that Mr. Land's two morning and evening concerts were not only interesting to the public at large, but, at the same time, well adapted to support our distinguished visitors in a manner becoming their talents. Strange to say, however, both concerts were but moderately attended, especially the orchestral concert in the evening. It is difficult to account for this, unless it be that John Bull does not

believe any longer in fine promises, having paid too dearly for his experience. But if the attendance was less numerous than might have been expected, on the other hand, the enthusiasm was such that the sisters Marchisio must have felt highly flattered at the reception that had been prepared for them, and not a little surprised, we should think, at the warmth of an English audience. Perhaps their lengthened sojourn in Paris has made them familiar with the existence of the "claque," and accustomed their ears to the deafening sound raised by that august body. Had these ebullitions of sympathy been confined to the talented vocalists alone, we should have refrained from noticing it, but when we find that they were called forth in favour of everybody and everything, without distinction of position or merit, we cannot but raise our voice against this injurious practice, being inclined to share the opinion of a brilliant French critic, who, in a recent article on "La Claque et le Sifflet," justly remarks "that the signs of disapprobation are invariably provoked by the impertinence of the 'claqueurs.' Do away with the 'claque,'" he says, "and you will have no more 'sifflets.'" But to return to the Sisters Marchisio. Great singers they cannot be called. Their speciality lies in the precision of duet-singing, which here, as elsewhere, has been the main cause of their success. Even on the stage, where their individual talents were brought to light, in characters such as Semiramide and Arsace, the effect produced, when appearing together, far exceeded that of their single efforts. Both possess fine voices, wide in range, sympathetic in quality, and equal in their register. The voice of Mademoiselle Carlotta is a mezzo-soprano, that of Barbara a genuine contralto. Although the former, by the nature of her talent, which is of a brilliant and impassioned order, impresses her hearers more directly, yet to the latter, we think, the palm must be awarded for greater perfection of method, superior taste, and artistic conception. Her voice is, moreover, richer in *timbre*, and produced with less apparent effort, in many points resembling that of the great Alboni. They both belong to the Rossinian school of singing. Their performances are, therefore, almost exclusively devoted to his music, so much so, indeed, that we doubt, judging from the part they took in the set of "Don Giovanni," whether their services will prove of any great value in music of other composers. It may seem strange to assert that, notwithstanding the high degree of perfection to which, through continued practice, their duet singing has been brought, their execution of *coloratura* passages, *cadenze*, and *fioriture*, is often faulty and defective, especially when falling to the share of the soprano; yet such is the case. We believe this would be more perceptible if each singer were to appear alone, instead of combining their performances, as they did on this occasion, perhaps not without good reason. It is but fair, however, to state that the impression created by their execution of two duets from "Semiramide," a duettino by Gabussi, and a new bolero, expressly composed for them by Rossini, who, it would appear, is a great admirer of their talents, was extremely favourable. It will be necessary, however, in order to arrive at a more correct estimation and a better appreciation of their merits, to hear these clever vocalists more than once, and under different circumstances; but certain it is that the sisters Marchisio are well deserving of success, and unquestionably rank high above the average of ordinary singers.

The remainder of the concert was by no means a proof of the excellence of our musical doings in general. Indeed, it far more resembled a rehearsal than a performance. The *ensemble* pieces, without exception, were given in a very careless and unsatisfactory manner. It is not our intention to follow the principal artists in all the pieces included in the programmes of the two concerts. All we can do is to single out here and there certain things worthy of praise, or offering just scope for criticism. Of the two ladies, who besides the sisters Marchisio took part in the performance, Miss Ellen Conran deserves a word of commendation. True, her rendering of "Casta diva" was not so successful as that of the air from "Un Ballo in Maschera," in which she displayed much dramatic feeling, and a voice remarkable alike for beauty and compass; but with proper care and conscientious study, we see no reason why the fair *débutante* should not eventually become one of our most admired singers. Madlle. Dario, we imagine, has been preparing herself for either the "Scala" at Milan, or the "San Carlo" at Naples, the two largest theatres in the world. If we are henceforth to be favoured with her efforts in our concert-rooms, it will be absolutely necessary to construct a room for the purpose, since St. James's Hall is utterly inadequate to receive the volume of sound sent forth by that well-meaning lady. A larger display of physical force has not been witnessed in London for many years. Of the "Signori" the least said the better. The distinction between Messrs. Swift and Bolton is to be found principally in the character of their voices; the former is a robust, the latter a light tenor. A little less of the one and a little more of the other would, we think, improve both.

We regret to have only space for a few brief remarks on the instrumental performances. M. Arthur Napoleon remains what he was—a prodigy. His powers of execution have certainly grown with his years, but the vanquishing of difficulties is, it appears, the Alpha and Omega of his musical aspiration. People, however, do not care any longer for absurd harlequinades and sensation pieces. M. Napoleon might with justice be called the "Orlando furioso" of the pianoforte. The same amount of manual dexterity, to be admired in the pianist, also distinguishes the playing of M. Lamoury, the violoncellist. Being a pupil of Servais, he has acquired a taste for his master's compositions, but such trash, however much relished abroad, will never succeed here. Fortunately, M. Vieuxtemps was there, to give a more refined tone to the entertainment; and last, not least, Miss Arabella Goddard, who, with the great violinist, played two movements of the "Kreutzer" sonata, at the second concert. In his solo performances, M. Vieuxtemps as usual, proved his superiority, but in the reading of Beethoven's music, he again greatly disappointed us. Miss Goddard's playing, however, was as perfect as her reading, and artistic in the highest sense of the word.

On Wednesday last, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir gave its first concert this season, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square. At one time it was thought



more than probable that the walls of this celebrated temple of music would never resound again with sweet harmony; but, thanks to Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., of Burlington-street, the rooms are once more thrown open to the public in a vastly improved and embellished form. Remembering that this is the seventh season of Mr. Leslie's Choir, it is needless to dilate on the success and the importance of these concerts. Suffice it to say, that more perfect choral singing does not exist in London, and that these pleasant meetings are looked forward to with the greatest interest. The concert on this occasion commenced with the National Anthem, arranged for the choir by Henry Leslie, with the subjoined additional verses by W. H. Bellamy:—

Oh, Thou, whose chastening hand  
Now lies on Throne and Land,  
Oh, spare our Queen;  
Hear Thou her people's prayer,  
Dry Thou her every tear,  
Guide her through every care,  
God save the Queen.

Should War's fell blast, once more,  
Echo on England's shore,  
God guard our Queen;  
O'er her anointed head  
Thy shield and buckler spread,  
Our heart's best blood we'll shed,  
God save the Queen.

Several compositions included in the programme of the evening were heard for the first time, among which a beautiful part-song, in three divisions, "First day of spring," by Mendelssohn; two anthems for an eight-part choir, one for "Christmas," the other for "New Year's Day," written by the same composer for the cathedral at Berlin, were remarkable for beauty, sterling merit, and satisfactory execution. Another great feature of the concert consisted in a "Motett for double choir," by Sebastian Bach, the English words adapted by W. Bartholomew, "I wrestle and pray." The chorale is divided into three movements, each of which is replete with lofty inspiration, impressive melody, and religious fervour, while the whole proclaims, in an unmistakable manner, the gigantic power of the famous cantor. The highest praise is due to the singers who had undertaken this very difficult work. A more frequent performance will no doubt tend to render the execution of this elaborate composition still more irreproachable. We cannot say that the selection of the other glees and part-songs was a happy one. There were far too many arrangements, which, however cleverly performed, possess no charm for the educated musician, and leave a false impression upon the mind of the listener. No arrangement will ever improve well-written and original works, nor do we see any necessity to have recourse to them. The two last pieces in the programme, a part-song by Mendelssohn, "The deep repose of night is ending," and a "Carol," not arranged, but composed by Henry Leslie, were given to perfection, and brought the concert to a brilliant close. We must not omit to mention with praise the singing of a glee by W. Knyvett, entrusted to Miss Annie Cox, Mrs. Dixon, Mr. A. Matthison, and Mr. Hodson. The execution of this quartet was far superior to the music. A duet for two pianofortes, on themes from "Euryanthe," by Miss Walsh and Miss Catherine Thomson, was the only instrumental morceau of the evening. M. Ravina is the name of the composer who has taken upon himself to disfigure Weber.

#### CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

CONSIDERABLE attention has lately been devoted to the alloys which iron forms with different metals, and from time to time we have, in these pages, drawn attention to some of the more valuable compounds of this metal. The subject is one of vast importance both in a military and manufacturing point of view, and has been well investigated by our own metallurgists. As a contribution to a subject which cannot fail to be of the utmost value to the country at large, we give a few notes which have recently reached us respecting an alloy of manganese with iron. A mine of a peculiar iron ore, consisting of the oxides of iron, manganese, and zinc, has been long known in New Jersey, and many attempts have been made to convert it into good malleable iron. The zinc which it contained always proved, however, a serious difficulty in the process, the fumes of this metal choking up the furnaces, and its rapid volatilization carrying off the heat to such an extent as to retard the smelting operation. On this account the working of the mines was obliged to be abandoned for many years. Not being able to work the ore commercially for iron, a company commenced operations to extract the zinc from it. In this they have been perfectly successful; and, moreover, by the removal of the zinc, they have left the residuary components of the ore in a fit state for the extraction of iron. This manufacture was according commenced, and the company now produced about 2,000 tons annually of the latter metal. Owing to the presence of so considerable a quantity of manganese (and possibly, also, a little zinc), the resulting metal possesses several curious and valuable properties.

Its hardness and resisting powers are remarkable. A piece of the crude iron readily scratches glass, and plates of it are almost untouched by any of the ordinary tools; the best steel drills and files gliding over it without cutting it in the least. Great efforts are being made to construct burglar-proof safes, by welding alternate layers of this metal with ordinary malleable iron. In this form plates have been prepared, which seem eminently adapted for purposes where extreme hardness and resistance to blows are required, as they have not the brittleness of the original alloy, and are capable of being cut with shears, and punched, although with difficulty. An ingenious suggestion has been made by Professor Mason, to construct with it self-sharpening hoes, spades, or ploughshares, by forming them out of plates prepared by welding a thin sheet of this metal between two thicker plates of wrought iron. It is, however, possible that better self-sharpening spades could be made by employing a thin sheet of good steel between wrought iron. The outer coating of tough metal would confer strength, whilst the friction during work would wear it away at a more rapid rate than the centre plate of steel, and would thus always leave a sharp edge. We do not know whether this device is yet adopted in our manufactories; if not, it is well worthy of trial.

An ingenious magnetometer, for rough experimental purposes, and one which does not occupy so much time as those which depend upon oscillation, has been

devised by Dr. B. Fincke. A No. 12 sewing-needle is magnetized to saturation, in such a way that the point is positive and the eye is negative. To guard against rust the needle is immersed in a solution of sulphate of copper, until it is coated with a thin layer of copper. A little wooden stand is prepared, with an upright at its back, also of wood, about 3 inches high and 1½ inches wide, and a graduated quadrant is drawn upon the front of the upright. The needle is hung upon a fine thread of silk or brass wire, so that its point exactly touches the zero of the scale, and plays easily upon the whole quadrant. In order to test the magnet, its positive pole is brought to the zero point close to the needle. The positive pole of the needle is repelled, and the degree of deflection measures roughly the strength of the magnet.

The chief requisites for successful gold mining are (besides the auriferous rock to work upon) plenty of water and quicksilver. Discoveries of mines of the latter metal, in the neighbourhood of gold mines, are consequently of considerable importance to all engaged in the production of the precious metal. California is especially fortunate in having extensive mercury deposits, but these advantages have been, in great measure, neutralized by legal difficulties, which rendered it imperative to close the mines for some time, and caused the price of the fluid metal to rise considerably. The discovery of new mines is therefore of great interest to Californians, and we hear with satisfaction that an extensive vein of cinnabar (sulphuret of mercury), which promises to be very rich, has been recently opened in Pope's Valley, Napa country. The cinnabar was discovered by means of the fires which were made to burn off the chaparral; these exposed the outcroppings of the cinnabar. A company has been formed to work the mine, and about ten tons of ore have been dug out, which promise well. Samples are now being tested, and if the report of the analysts is favourable, the mines will be immediately worked on a large scale.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE. INDURATION OF STONE.

MR. RANSOME, of Ipswich—whose name has for many years been prominently before the public in connection with the several processes patented by him for the production of artificial stone, and more recently as having introduced that process for the preservation of natural stones liable to premature decay, which has excited so much attention in reference to its application for preserving the stone-work of the new Houses of Parliament—has recently discovered an entirely new and extremely simple, but at the same time most important and effective process, by which some of the commonest and most abundant natural materials may be combined and formed into solid blocks of masonry, or moulded into the most elaborate works of art, at a cost comparatively so trifling as to place the means within the reach of all. The process is based on the soundest scientific principles; and its efficiency has been severely tested by some of our most eminent chemists. Its merits have thus been completely proved.

It has long been known to the scientific world that the peculiarity of Mr. Ransome's process for preserving stone from decay consisted in the production within the pores of the stone itself of silicate of lime, a substance which possesses the most enduring properties, and, in fact, is really that which has conferred such durability on the old Roman mortar which we see remaining unchanged by exposure to the weather and other destructive influences, often for more than two thousand years; and it is this substance also which in the main is the combining medium of the best natural limestone and hydraulic cements.

Mr. Ransome has hitherto accomplished the induration by first saturating the stone with a solution of the silicate of soda (soluble glass), and by afterwards applying a solution of chloride of calcium (muriate of lime). Here double decomposition takes place, the silica combining with the calcium to form a solid silicate of lime, and the chlorine at the same time combining with the soda, forming chloride of sodium or common salt, which is removed by subsequent washings or otherwise. It was in noticing the enormous cohesive properties exhibited by the silicate of lime thus produced that Mr. Ransome was led to investigate the applicability of that material as an essential ingredient in the manufacture of stone itself, and the results of his experiments have proved so successful that he at once patented them. The new process consists in mixing common sand, chalk, or other suitable mineral substances, with a solution of silicate of soda into such a consistency that the mixture can be easily moulded into blocks or any other forms, rolled into sheets or slabs, or even applied with a trowel as ordinary cement. Afterwards a solution of chloride of calcium is applied by means of a brush or by immersion, as may be most convenient. The effect is instantaneous, the material is immediately converted from a soft soluble substance into a hard insoluble compound, capable of resisting the influences of the most deleterious atmospheres, and possessing the property of gradually increasing in hardness with the lapse of time.

Amongst other advantages which Mr. Ransome has secured by his discovery in the above process, it will be evident to all conversant with such matters that the stone can in most cases be manufactured upon the spot, from materials obtained in the locality; that it can be moulded into any form or made in masses of any dimensions; that it is equally available for ornamental and decorative as for constructive purposes. It requires no artificial drying or burning, while it is in no way liable to shrinkage, warpage, or distortion of any kind; moreover, it is stronger and harder than any of the natural stones at present in use. It exhibits all the characteristic features and appearance of the best freestone, can be produced of any desired tone of colour, while it is proof against those destructive influences which so seriously affect our natural building stones.

The high standing of Dr. Edward Frankland led, as is well known, to his official appointment by the Government to investigate the causes of decay of the new Houses of Parliament, and his testimony, therefore, has a scientific importance which induces us to quote from it. In his certificate he says, speaking of the tests to which Mr. Ransome's new stone has been subjected:—

"The chief object of these experiments was to expose the samples to influences similar to those to which the stones themselves would be subjected, when used for outside work in our large cities; but in order as far as possible to arrive within a moderate time at results, which under ordinary circumstances would only be obtained after the lapse of many years, it was necessary to intensify those influences by presenting the various chemical re-agents to the stone more continuously, and in a more concentrated form than would be the case in the ordinary atmospheric degradation to which building stones are exposed. . . . The experiments were made in the following manner:—The samples were cut as nearly as possible of the same size and shape, and were well brushed with a hard brush.



Each sample was then thoroughly dried at 212°, weighed, partially immersed in water until saturated, and again weighed; the porosity or absorptive power of the stone was thus determined. It was then suspended for forty-eight hours in a very large volume of each of the following acid solutions, the alteration in weight after each immersion being separately estimated. Solution No. 1, water containing 1 per cent. sulphuric acid; solution No. 2, water containing 2 per cent. sulphuric acid; solution No. 3, water containing 4 per cent. sulphuric acid. The sample was then boiled with water until all acid was removed, and again weighed. Finally, it was dried at 212°, brushed with a hard brush, and the total degradation or loss since the first brushing was ascertained."

Name of Stone.	Porosity Per centage of water ab- sorbed by dry stone.	Per centage alteration in weight by immersion in dilute acid.						Total percent- age loss by action of acid and sub- sequent boiling in water.	Further loss by Brush- ing.	Total degrada- tion from all causes.
		Of 1 per cent.		Of 2 per cent.		Of 4 per cent.				
		Loss.	Gain.	Loss.	Gain.	Loss.	Gain.			
Bath .....	11.57	1.28	—	2.82	—	2.05	—	5.91	.26	6.17
Caen .....	9.86	2.13	—	4.80	—	.67	—	11.73	1.60	13.33
Aubigny .....	4.15	1.18	—	4.00	—	—	1.04	3.56	.29	3.85
Portland .....	8.86	1.60	—	1.10	—	1.35	—	3.94	.24	4.18
Anston .....	6.09	3.52	—	3.39	—	3.11	—	11.11	.27	11.38
Whitby .....	8.41	1.07	—	—	.53	none	none	1.25	.18	1.43
Hare Hill .....	4.31	.75	—	—	.60	none	none	.98	.15	1.13
Park Spring .....	4.15	.71	—	—	.10	.15	—	.81	none	.81
Ransome's Patent .....	6.53	—	.95	none	none	none	none	.63	.31	.94

There was no loss with 2 per cent. or with 4 per cent. of dilute acid, and only the fractional portion of a single part, as shown in the total of degradation from all causes.

The comparisons in Dr. Frankland's table of experiments, whilst they point out the Portland, Whitby, Hare Hill, and Park Spring, as the natural stones best adapted to withstand the influences of town atmospheres, indicate Ransome's patent concrete is equal to the best of these in its power of resisting atmospheric degradation; and the newness of Ransome's stone (the specimens experimented upon not having been made a fortnight) being taken into account, together with the well-known fact that its binding material, silicate of lime, becomes harder and more crystalline by age, have led Dr. Frankland to express the opinion that it is likely "Mr. Ransome has invented a material which, with the exception of the granites and primary rocks, is better capable of giving permanency to external architectural decorations than any stone that has been hitherto used."

Mr. Ransome is still engaged in further experiments for clearly establishing the unmistakable superiority of this new artificial stone, and especially of its powers to support a crushing weight, and to sustain strains under varying conditions. It is said to possess very superior properties in these respects, and we shall shortly be in the position to give the results of the trials now going on. Every step in this important process, which seems likely to produce a complete revolution in constructive and ornamental operations, cannot but be watched with great interest.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTIONS.

**British Architects**, January 6. — Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., read a very valuable suggestive paper "On the Conservation of Ancient Architectural Monuments and Remains." The author assumed, as a starting point, that to a country possessed of a history and a civilization, the preservation of the monuments and remains by which that history and civilization are illustrated, was of the highest importance. All will feel how strongly these remarks apply to the precious monuments of Greece and Rome, and of the countries over which their arts and influence extended. Should not the same feelings be manifested towards those of our own race and our own country? These ought to possess in the eyes of an Englishman intrinsic claims, parallel to those of the great nations of antiquity, illustrating as they do the development of a style of architecture as marked in character and of such merits in the case of the classic styles as to have led to their revival and re-development. Studied as our country is with these relics of the past, they are every year being reduced in number, and those which remain are subject to demolition and deterioration, the most destructive of the inroads being that of *over-restoration*. The author then went into most valuable details of the injuring causes in action with respect to very ancient antiquities, such as Stonehenge, ruined castles, works of defence, ecclesiastical ruins, old domestic houses, &c., and urged on antiquaries and antiquarian societies the necessity of making periodical excursions to examine into the condition of these historical relics, and to advise the proprietors to make such timely reparations and sustentations as might arrest the hand of Time without tampering with the antiquity and condition of the objects; and if their natural guardians refused, themselves to raise funds by private subscriptions for the required purposes.

The great objects of reparation were protection against the penetration of water into the walls; support to prevent downfall from the failure of foundations, abutments, or the sustaining work, whatever it may be; and lastly, if practicable, the preservation of the architectural details by some indurating process, which would arrest their decay. The author further urged the appointment by the Society of *Vigilance Committees* for every district in conjunction with general and local Antiquarian Societies, and that these committees should not only take upon themselves every opportunity of inspecting architectural ruins within their districts, but should take public measures respecting them, obtaining permission to direct what was to be done, and to have the power of preventing anything which would be injurious. He further desired to see a united effort of the different existing societies for the perfect delineation of our ruined buildings; and when it could be done without disfigurement or injury casts should be taken of the carved and sculptured portions and deposited in some permanent national collection. Photography might be usefully brought to bear on the work, but it must not be implicitly trusted on account of the uncertainty of its duration.

**Entomological Society**, January 6. — J. W. Douglas, Esq., President, in the chair. Mr. F. Smith exhibited the nest of a bee (*Anthidium* ?), brought from the Cape of Good Hope. It was of the size of a hen's egg, formed of a cottony substance, and fixed among some twigs. In the centre were the cells from which no bee had emerged, but instead some of the parasites, *Leucopsis ornata*. Mr. Smith also exhibited some hollow spines of acacia, inside some of which another kind of bee (*Hylaeus*) had made its nest; access being obtained by a hole bored in the spine. Dr. Knaggs exhibited some larva-cases of Australian *Psychida*, formed of pieces of leaves and stems of plants, but each species having a different arrangement of the particles. Mr. Dunning exhibited for Mr. C. S. Gregson, of Liverpool, a photograph of *Abraxias grassulariata*, obtained of the natural size by elongating the sides of the camera; he also read some remarks by Mr. Gregson, on the possibility of causing a variation of colour in insects by difference of food.

Mr. F. Smith, referring to Principal Leitch's theory of the development of a queen-bee by the heat of the workers, said he had received a communication from Mr. Woodbury, giving reasons against the adoption of the theory, and upholding that of Hüber which went to show that the development of the queen was due to a peculiar kind of food known as "royal jelly," supplied to a worker-larva. Mr. Stainton described nine new species of *Gracillaria*, from Moreton Bay and Calcutta. Mr. McLachlan described some new exotic species of *Trichoptera*.

**Photographic Society**, January 7, the Lord Chief Justice Pollock in the chair. — No papers were read, all business being suspended in respect to the memory of the late Prince Consort. The meeting was devoted entirely to the passing of an address of condolence to Her Majesty, it being thought by the Council that the address being voted by the whole society would make it peculiarly expressive of the feeling of regret with which the society felt the loss of one of their royal Patrons. Some very admirable photographs of the late Prince, by Mr. Mayall, of Regent-street, were on the table, and excited great notice, from the expressiveness of the portraiture.

**Geological Society**, January 8, Sir C. Lyell, V.P., in the chair. — A paper was read by Professor Morris and Mr. G. E. Roberts, "On the Yellow Sandstone of Oretton, Shropshire," probably the equivalent of the yellow sandstone which, at Dura Den, appears in a similar position near the top of the carboniferous limestones.

A new *Pterichthys*, the smallest species yet known, was described by Sir P. Egerton.

A paper by Mr. Binney was read, describing the structure of some specimens of *Lepidodendron* obtained from nodules of limestone in the coal measures of Lancashire.

#### METEOROLOGY FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER DURING TWENTY-ONE YEARS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LONDON.

(By JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., &c., Royal Observatory, Greenwich.)

Years.	Mean Reading of Barometer at the Level of the Sea.	Highest Reading of the Thermometer.	Lowest Reading of the Thermometer.	Range.	Mean Temperature of the Air.	Difference of Average of Twenty Years.	Degree of Humidity.	Rain.	
								Number of days it fell.	Amount Collected.
	In.	°	°	°	°	°			In.
1841	29.75	53.9	21.3	29.6	40.5	+0.4	88	21	2.4
1842	30.19	58.2	30.8	27.4	45.0	+4.9	93	15	0.7
1843	30.42	54.7	25.6	29.1	43.9	+3.8	93	10	0.4
1844	30.07	49.3	21.1	28.2	33.0	-7.1	92	13	0.4
1845	29.84	55.5	28.0	27.5	41.7	+1.6	88	17	2.9
1846	29.88	49.9	18.8	31.1	32.9	-7.2	90	14	1.1
1847	29.96	59.5	25.0	34.5	42.8	+2.7	91	13	2.0
1848	29.99	62.8	21.8	41.0	44.0	+3.9	86	18	2.6
1849	29.98	56.3	18.8	35.9	38.1	-1.0	90	18	2.4
1850	30.09	56.5	24.2	32.3	40.6	+0.5	92	16	1.3
1851	30.32	54.8	24.9	29.9	40.4	+0.3	87	6	0.6
1852	29.76	56.0	31.7	24.3	47.6	+7.5	80	19	2.2
1853	29.98	50.8	18.0	32.8	34.0	-6.1	89	8	0.7
1854	29.94	55.0	26.5	28.5	41.3	+1.2	86	16	1.4
1855	29.94	52.4	16.9	35.5	35.6	-4.5	84	11	1.2
1856	29.82	58.9	18.5	40.4	40.2	+0.1	90	13	1.3
1857	30.33	57.0	30.8	26.3	45.1	+5.0	90	6	0.5
1858	29.95	53.5	30.3	23.2	40.5	+0.4	89	14	1.7
1859	29.80	56.5	14.0	42.5	36.8	-3.3	88	17	2.2
1860	29.67	54.0	8.0	46.0	36.3	-3.8	92	17	2.8
1861	30.15	54.0	23.5	30.5	41.0	+0.9	87	10	1.3

The reading of the barometer at the level of the sea was above 30 inches on the 1st day, and was as high as 30½ inches on the 2nd. It continued above 30 inches till the afternoon of the 4th, when it decreased rather quickly to 29.28 inches by the 7th, which was the lowest reading in the month; then varied between 29.7 and 29.9 till the 12th; on the 13th it fell to 29.46 inches. From the 14th to the 17th the readings were a little below 30 inches, and from the 18th to the end of the month were always higher than 30 inches, being as high as 30.59 inches, the highest in the month, on the 27th day.

With the exception of the period between December 5th and 10th, the pressure of the atmosphere has been almost always above the average for the season.

The mean reading for the month was 30.15 inches, and by reference to the Table, it will be seen that this value has been exceeded but four times in the space of 20 years, viz., in the years 1842, 1843, 1851, and 1857.

The highest temperature of the air in each December since 1841, is shown in column 3; in the month just passed it was 54.0°, a reading which differs but little from the mean of all the others. The highest reading in December was 62.8° in the year 1848, and the lowest was 49.3° in 1844.

The lowest temperatures of the air are shown in the next column; in the month just passed it was 23½°; it has been lower on nine occasions since 1841; the lowest was 8° last year.

The mean of all the high day temperature, in December, was 45.9°, the average for the past 20 years is 45.0; therefore, this element has been a little higher than usual.

The mean low night temperature, in December, was 36.0°, the mean for the past 20 years is 35.5°; therefore, the nights have been about half a degree warmer than usual.

The extreme range of temperature is shown in column 4; in the month just passed it was 30.5°, being 1.7° below the average of the preceding 20 years; in 1860 it was as large as 46.0°, and, in 1858, it was as small as 23.2°.

The mean temperature of the air is shown in column 6; the mean, or average, is 40.1°; in the month just passed it was 41.0°, being very nearly 1° above the average; in 1852 the mean temperature was as high as 47.6°, and, in 1846, as low as 32.9°, exhibiting a range of temperature for this month of no less than 14.7°.

The departures of the monthly means from the average are shown in the next column; those to which the sign + is affixed, indicate that the mean temperature was above the average, and those to which the sign - is affixed show that the mean temperature was below the average: thus, in 1852, this month was 7½° above the average, and, in 1853, it was 6¼° below the average; so that these two successive Decembers differed no less than 13½° from each other.

The degree of humidity in the past month was 87, on a scale supposing the air, when quite dry, to be represented by 0, and quite wet by 100; the mean, or average, is 89; therefore the air has been somewhat drier than usual.

The number of days on which rain fell was 10; the average is 14. In 1841 it fell on 21, and in 1852 it fell on 19 days; whilst in 1851 and 1857 it fell on 6 days only in each year.

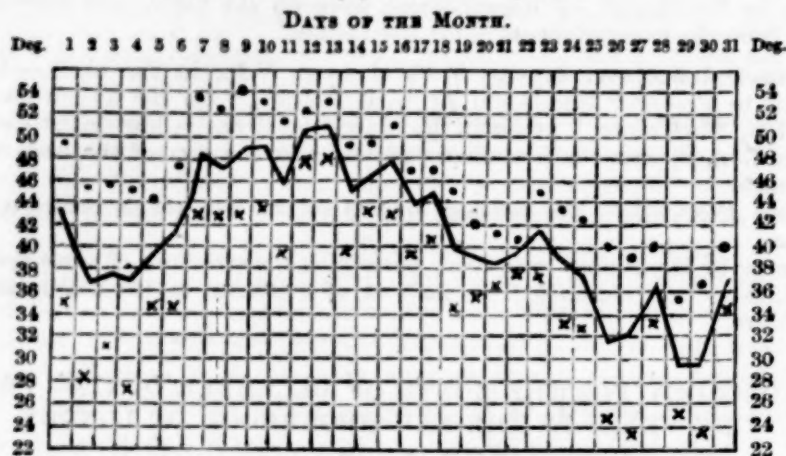
The fall of rain is shown in the last column. In the month just passed it was



1.3 inch; the mean is 2.0 inches. The heaviest fall occurred in 1860, viz., 2.8 inches. In the years 1851 and 1857 it was 0.6 inch and 0.5 inch respectively.

The accompanying diagram shows at a glance the distribution of temperature over the month. The dot above the black line indicates the highest temperature of each day, and the star below the line the lowest temperature of each night, and the continuous line that of the mean temperature of each day. At the beginning of December the average daily temperature is  $41\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , and which gradually decreases to  $37\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  at the end. If we imagine a line across the diagram drawn from these points, and compare day by day the zigzag black line with it, it will be seen that on the 1st, and from the 5th to the 18th, the temperature was constantly above the average, and was generally so till the 24th; and from the 25th it was below.

Diagram, showing the maximum, the average, and the minimum temperature of the air daily for December, 1861.



The readings of a Negretti and Zambra's blackened bulb radiation thermometer, placed with its bulb in the full rays of the sun, read  $82.2^{\circ}$  on the 9th,  $82.0^{\circ}$  on the 10th,  $81^{\circ}$  on the 11th,  $80^{\circ}$  on the 8th, and not higher than  $36.1^{\circ}$  on the 30th; the mean for the month was  $61.6^{\circ}$ .

The readings of a terrestrial radiation thermometer were below  $30^{\circ}$  on twelve nights, between  $30^{\circ}$  and  $40^{\circ}$  on seventeen nights, and above  $40^{\circ}$  on only one night; the lowest was  $19.6^{\circ}$  on the 27th, and the highest  $43.4^{\circ}$  on the 13th; the mean for the month was  $31.4^{\circ}$ .

The mean directions of the wind reduced to eight points of the compass were—N.E. 8 days; E. 4; S.E. 4; S. 1; S.W. 7; W. 4; and N.W. 2; the average for December from twenty years' observations is—N.  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ; N.E. 2; E.  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; S.E.  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; S. 3; S.W. 10; W. 4; N.W. 2; and calm days 4. So that in the past month there has been an excess of N.E., E., and S.E. winds, and a deficiency of S. and S.W.; and there was no really calm day in the month.

The mean temperature of the month of December, in groups of ten years since 1771, is as follows:—

The mean temperature of the ten years ending .....	1779 was $39.4$	The mean temperature of the ten years ending .....	1829 was $40.8$
" " " "	1789 " $36.1$	" " " "	1839 " $39.9$
" " " "	1799 " $37.5$	" " " "	1849 " $39.7$
" " " "	1809 " $39.1$	" " " "	1859 " $40.3$
" " " "	1819 " $37.8$		

The characteristics of this month were high barometric pressure, warm days and nights, a deficiency of rain, no heavy gale of wind; an excess of the E. wind and its compounds, and a deficiency of S. and S.W. winds.

## Reviews of Books.

### COURT OF FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XIV. AND THE REGENT.\*

ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE, daughter of the Elector Palatine, was born in the castle of Heidelberg, July 7th, 1652. She was indebted for her education to her aunt Sophia, Electress of Hanover, and mother of George the First, who intrusted her to the care of Madame Harling, a woman of superior abilities, and free, apparently, from many of the prejudices which clouded the minds of her contemporaries. When Henrietta, daughter of Charles the First, first wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans, and brother of Louis Quatorze, had perished by poison, Elizabeth Charlotte, then in her nineteenth year, was selected to supply the place of the murdered princess, and at the time seemed highly probably to undergo a similar fate. Elizabeth's charms were not in her person, but in her father's territories, which the French king fiercely coveted as a stepping-stone to the Imperial throne. Properly speaking, the poor young princess was anything but attractive, with fat hanging cheeks, a large hideous mouth, extremely bad teeth, and a red skin, marked all over with yellow spots. Brought up as a Protestant, she had to be transformed before marriage into a Papist, which was accomplished by three bishops, who met her on the French frontier to exorcise her Lutheranism out of her. Looking upon the profession of a new creed as of no importance in comparison with a husband and a distinguished position in the French court, she easily yielded to the arguments of her converters, and was married in the November of 1671. The husband to whom she was thus united may, without the least exaggeration, be described as one of the most contemptible and revolting individuals of the age in which he lived; his profligacy resembled that of the worst Roman emperors, while his insignificance, mental and bodily, reduced him to a level with the goitred cretans of the Pyrenees. By this person, Elizabeth Charlotte had three children; a boy who died in infancy, a daughter married to the Duke of Lorraine, and the too-famous Regent.

Whatever before marriage may have been the expectations of Elizabeth Charlotte, she speedily made the discovery that the French Court was not a terrestrial paradise, that the gorgeous apartments in which she had hoped to find a home were dreary and desolate, that all the personages by whom she was surrounded mocked at and ridiculed her, and that in her neglect and isolation no

pleasure remained to her but that of vindictive chronicling. Though so near the throne, therefore, circumstances converted her into a mere news writer. Being ugly, haughty, and virtuous, though to the last degree coarse and cynical, she had no sympathy with her husband, with her husband's brother, or in fact with any one else at the French Court; but perceiving herself to have been kidnapped into a foreign country for the sake of the territorial claims which a marriage with her would create, she threw all her soul into the letters which she wrote to her relatives in England, Prussia, Spain, Italy, and Savoy. The idea never crossed her mind, that in the course of time her portentous revelations would be made public; and, in fact, nearly seventy years elapsed before these graphic pictures of men and manners were suffered to see the light, and then only in an extremely imperfect form. One year before the taking of the Bastille, a portion of Elizabeth Charlotte's correspondence made its appearance, and from that period to the present, additional letters have at intervals been brought to light. Still it is not known what has become of her correspondence with the Electress of Hanover, probably more valuable than all the rest, since she is believed to have reposed perfect confidence in that princess, who was her aunt, and to have confided to her secrets which she withheld from all her other relatives. Of the ease and familiarity with which these ladies addressed each other, some idea may be formed from a fragment in the chain of their confidences, which by some rare chance has stolen into print. The very able editor of the Memoirs published in 1823, shrank from the responsibility of including it in his edition, and only made a passing allusion to compositions which, for reckless indecency, exceed anything in Rabelais. From this fact, however, nothing can be inferred against the great body of letters interchanged by these princesses, who, when all ordinary topics had probably been exhausted, took to the least promising subject they could think of for attack and defence. The genius of the two writers clearly displays itself in these terrible *jeux d'esprit*. Elizabeth Charlotte is heavy, morose, ill-humoured, censorious, while the sprightly old Electress glides over the surface of her Aristophænic theme with a sort of audacious grace, liveliness, and felicity.

The royal personages of the eighteenth century may in some sort be said to have possessed a literature of their own, existing only in manuscript, and studied as well for amusement as for instruction. If that literature could be collected and given ungarbled to the world, mankind might be cured of numerous prejudices, while history would be taught to speak a language very different from that which it usually employs. Among the royal and noble authors who contributed to create this stock, Elizabeth Charlotte was certainly one of the most active and plain-speaking. She called everything by its proper name. Friends she had none at the Court of France, and therefore she could violate no friendships; but acquaintances, connections, husband, children, grandchildren, all came within the sweep of her pen, and down went their vices, follies, mutual animosities, intrigues, meannesses, and crimes, without the slightest reticence or palliation. Some of her editors pretend that gaps and softenings of expressions were found absolutely necessary, which, to those who read what has been printed, will perhaps appear incredible. Imagination, at all events, refuses to project itself beyond the line traced by her intrepid pen, which may be fairly characterized as one of the boldest ever wielded by a human hand. What Sotades committed to writing, the modesty of antiquity intercepted on its way to posterity; but he must indeed have been an ingenious person if he outdid the female Sotades of the Palais Royal. St. Simon, Maupeou, the Abbé de Chose, Rochefoucauld, Duclos, Madame de Sevigné, together with the scandalous chronicle of the Ciel de Boeuf, let in considerable light on the inner working of society; but not one of these writers was so completely behind the scenes as the Regent's mother, who, when the pen was once in her hand, refused to stop short even at the threshold of her own bedchamber. For her own husband, in spite of many professions to the contrary, she could have entertained no affection, and if possible still less esteem; yet a woman of principle, not to say of refinement, would have shrunk with horror from the disclosures which this cynical wife considered herself justified in making respecting the father of her children, whom she has held up to the scorn and loathing of all succeeding times.

The philosopher of Sans Souci, a great student of the regal esoteric literature of which we have been speaking, possessed, in the archives of Potsdam, a series of Elizabeth Charlotte's letters, from which he appears to have sought information respecting the personages, whether natives or strangers, who figured at the French court. The knowledge thus obtained, no considerations of benevolence or delicacy prevented his making full use of whenever an opportunity offered. One day at table when a certain Baron Paellintz was among his guests, he brought forth the letters of the cynical duchess, and for the gratification of all the company, save one, read a passage of her correspondence aloud. Accustomed to subsist by flattery, the baron, well aware of the relationship between his royal host and the court newswriter, declaimed eloquently on her generosity, judgment, and discrimination. "By way of proof," observed Frederick, "let us hear what she says of a certain Paellintz, who appears to have tasted frequently of her bounty. According to my aunt, this individual was an adventurer who subsisted by haunting the houses of the great, and, under one pretext or other, squeezing money out of them. She adds that he was a good for nothing, a rogue, and a libertine. He was a namesake of yours, do you know anything of him, Paellintz?" If the wandering baron had not lost the faculty of blushing he must have reddened considerably at this exhibition of coarse banter on the part of the Prussian king, little less cynical than his aunt, though far from being equally amusing. Paellintz himself, in his memoirs, relates, probably for the encouragement of others, how he one day contrived to obtain from this terrible old lady a bag containing five thousand livres in gold, though, till the adventure at Potsdam, he knew not her practice of giving charity with one hand and stigmatizing the receiver with the other.

But such anecdotes only illustrate her gossiping propensity, her pettiness, her small malignity; it is when she speaks of the domestic achievements of the

\* Court of France under Louis XIV. and the Regent. *Nouvelles Lettres de Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans, Princesse Palatine, Mère du Régent.* Traduites de l'Allemand, pour la première fois, par G. Brunet, et accompagnées de Notes Historiques et de Fragments Inédits. Paris: Charpentier, Libraire-Éditeur.



French king, his family and courtiers, that she may be said to be furnishing history with an antidote to the frantic idolatry with which the weak and ignorant look up to persons in high places. Day after day her couriers were in attendance to bear away and deposit in different parts of Europe the awful revelations she found herself impelled to make. Surrounded by an ocean of crime and turpitude, this communicativeness was her only relief. Nothing calculated to soil and degrade human nature was wanting to her experience. She beheld princesses and great ladies addicting themselves furiously to gluttony, getting habitually drunk, and, in the wild excesses of intoxication, perpetrating every variety of licentiousness without shame. She describes, with a minuteness and circumstantiality which make one shudder, the diseases of which they died, and the state of their bodies after death; chronicles the courtly poisonings, the indignation and clamour of the populace, the unnatural amours, the hatreds, the revenges, the premature deaths, the mean and despicable scandals which blighted and withered during life, the sale of their virtue by women, whose shamelessness and effrontery may be said to have reached their culminating point in her own grand-daughter, the Duchess de Berri, whose whole career was so steeped in infamy that when ulcerated and almost decomposed she fell a victim to her own vices, and no priest could be found sufficiently intrepid to pronounce her funeral oration. In silence and disgust, therefore, was she consigned to the tomb, lamented perhaps by no one, save by that father, who, if one spark of manly feeling had remained in his corrupt heart, would have perished of remorse at the recollection of the blighted youth and portentous immorality of his victim.

Among the offences most prevalent at that time in France was the murder of husbands, which was then as common as the murder of wives is now, with this difference, that the wife-killers of our day are generally poor, brutal, and ignorant, whereas the Clytemnestras, contemporary with the Duchess of Orleans, were, for the most part, noble ladies, enjoying the advantages of polished society and courtly confessions. Occasionally superstition mixed itself up fantastically with the crimes committed. Thus, there was a Madame Tiquet, dissatisfied evidently with her condition, and eager for elevation in the social scale, who employed an astrologer to construct her horoscope. Of course a man so versed in the doings of the world could not be unacquainted with the Calcraft of his day, with whom he perhaps feared he might some day become but too familiar. To instil a similar dread into his dupe, into whose previous history he had no doubt carefully inquired,—the seer, interpreting the language of the stars, foretold that if she could escape the hands of a man bearing the same name with herself, she would live to a great old age. Whether this prediction suggested the idea that she stood in danger from her husband, is uncertain; at all events she killed him, after which came the dénouement and the interpretation of the prophecy. By the murder of her lord she fell into the hands of the executioner, whose name, like her own before marriage, was Carlier. He may have been a relative, which would explain the trembling of his hand, for he struck her neck five or six times with the axe before he could sever the head from the body. Apropos of beheading, we have somewhere read an anecdote which we should like to see traced to the original authority. One night, the people living about the Place de Grève, awakened suddenly by the trampling of horses, rushed to their windows, and beheld an unexpected sight. While they slept, a lofty scaffold had been erected in the middle of the square, which was now lighted up by a number of flaring torches. Towards the scaffold a troop of cavalry advanced in the form of a hollow square, while a man in magnificent costume rode bareheaded in the midst. Upon drawing near the middle of the Place de Grève he dismounted, and, ascending the scaffold with a light step, went and placed his neck upon the block. The executioner, who stood near with his axe, then smote off his head, which was received in a basket. The body was then wrapped in a winding-sheet, and borne away by the horsemen; the scaffolding was taken down; quantities of sawdust were sprinkled on the spot, to dry up the blood; the torches were extinguished; and in half an hour the lookers-on from the windows might easily have persuaded themselves, but for the sawdust, that all they had beheld was a dream. Other incidents in the reign of Louis Quatorze are equally mysterious and inexplicable, notwithstanding the accumulation of memoirs and letters which has been published in connection with the period.

We have no intention to enter upon the subject of Louis XIV.'s wars, which, without exposing their author to the least danger, drained and desolated France, and converted the Palatinate into a faint semblance of Northumbria, when it had been ravaged by the ruthless bastard of Normandy. By way of gasconade, Louis once proceeded to the seat of hostilities in Flanders, but, as St. Simon, who was present, relates, took flight at the too close proximity of the Prince of Orange, and with the reproach of cowardice still hissing in his ears, hastened back to Versailles and his mistresses. Once more in safety, he persevered in his infamous system of hostilities, till the disasters and misery of the kingdom constrained him to sue for peace. The year which brought him to this state of humiliation opened with the greatest cold, which, in the memory of the oldest persons then living, had ever been felt in France. The Seine, with all the other rivers of the north, were completely frozen over in four days, and even the sea, along the coast of the English Channel, soon became converted into one sheet of ice, over which heavy carts and waggons drove as over firm land. By the extreme severity of the weather alone, immense distress must have been produced among the humbler classes; but when to the inclemency of nature were added the odious monopolies of the Government, the storm of calamity that broke upon France exceeded all belief. St. Simon supplies much useful information on the internal condition of the kingdom during that unhappy year, but the minute details of the Duchess of Orleans may be said to give the last touches to the fearful picture. The people, she says, all over the provinces, died like flies; the rivers were frozen, the mills were stopped; no corn could be ground, no bread made, so that even from this cause numbers perished of hunger. In Paris, the sufferings of the populace were extreme, as one example selected out of thousands will suffice to show. A poor woman, maddened by want, rushed into a baker's shop and stole a loaf; when arrested for the theft,

she exclaimed, that if the commissary of the police only knew the circumstances which had urged her to the act, he would forgive her. "I have at home," she said, "three children who are dying of hunger, and it is for them that I have become a thief." To ascertain the truth, the commissary, who appears to have had a man's heart in his breast, went to her lodgings, where he found the three children, gaunt and shivering under a heap of rags. "Have you no father?" inquired the gendarme? "Yes," replied the eldest. "Where is he?" "Behind the door." The commissary looked, and started back with horror—the father, in an access of despair and frenzy, had hung himself, and his emaciated body was dangling from a nail. The letter-writer adds that similar events occurred daily. Without the strongest testimony to the fact, it would scarcely be believed that this was an artificial famine created by the king and his ministers, for the purpose of obtaining money by raising the price of provisions, partly to gratify their licentious passions, partly to enable them to shed more blood in Flanders. The corn had been bought up, and secretly stored away by the king's agents, and immense quantities were afterwards thrown into the Loire, when it had been spoiled by keeping. There was, in fact, enough corn in the country to feed the whole nation for two years. Returning to the disastrous year 1709, we find the gaieties of the Court mixed up strangely with vast carnage in Flanders and bread-riots in Paris. Now we obtain a glimpse of the beautiful gardens of Marly, and now we find ourselves in the streets of the capital, amid famished multitudes shouting for food, and at length breaking into open revolt, upon which Marshal de Bonfleur and the Duke de Grammont bring out the troops against them, and forty persons having been slaughtered, the remainder prefer retreating to their garrets and dying of hunger to perishing by sword and bayonet in the street. But these incidents by no means disturb the serenity or check the pleasures of Louis Quatorze, and the philosophic members of his family, who go to the opera and the theatre, and laugh at the extravagances of Molière as heartily as if everybody in Paris had dined like an alderman. Singular social contrasts these. By degrees old age creeps upon the King somewhat sadly, for, while still on the sunny side of seventy, he mopes, and droops, and displays as many symptoms of senility as an honest peasant would exhibit at a hundred. But vice has eaten him up, and the criminal old women by whom he is surrounded and kept in countenance are every whit as wretched and doating as he. Death at length striking impartially, as the Roman poet expresses it, at the lowliest roof and the loftiest towers, summons Louis to his account, and by so doing lets loose a flood of intrigue at court. Who is to be the Regent? Some point at the King's bastard son, the Duke of Maine, but the Duke of Orleans, having been designated by the dying tyrant, succeeds to the post of honour, and thus stimulates his enemies into plots, conspiracies, and crimes. Poisoning is the order of the day, and the good old Duchess trembles for the fate of her libertine son, who daily gorges to repletion, gets drunk every night, and yet rises at six in the morning, and labours like a *forçat* at the public business. His mother meanwhile proceeds with her revelations, but her style begins to show the chill of age, and, in truth, having already described every form and variety of vice, she has nothing new to delineate. She consequently becomes by degrees duller and duller, until at length a note by the editor informs us that the writer died December 8th, 1722, nine days after the date of her last letter to Chère Louise.

#### A HISTORY OF DOMESTIC MANNERS AND SENTIMENTS IN ENGLAND.\*

THE author of this book has long been known as one of the most energetic and also most judicious of our antiquaries; and the work which he has now produced is fully equal to his high reputation. A history of the manners and sentiments of one's forefathers can hardly fail to be generally interesting, and Mr. Wright has executed the task which he proposed to himself with such liveliness and variety of detail that even those who are addicted to light literature only will find it as attractive as a novel; while, as a source of valuable instruction, it will not be disregarded by those who devote themselves to severer studies; and especially will it be studied by the historian who remembers that, even in that work which the great Greek historian composed with a view to leave a memorial of his times which should last for ever, he did not disdain to record as a valuable indication of national character when the Athenians ceased to wear armour, and how they dressed their hair.

The title-page hardly gives an adequate notion of the wide range of the work before us, which is far from being confined to what we generally recognize as the middle ages. On the contrary, its first chapter is devoted to a description of the Anglo-Saxons at a period antecedent even to their conversion to Christianity, while the latter chapters bring the reader down to the latter half of the seventeenth century, and give us some curious pictures of English life after the Restoration, which would be sought for in vain even in the pages of such curious chroniclers as Pepys or Evelyn; and it is hard to say which period, as treated by Mr. Wright, is the most interesting. The first division, that relating to the Anglo-Saxons, gives a picture of their advancement in many of the arts of civilized life, which will surprise those readers who have been accustomed to look upon them, previously to the time of Alfred, as little better than barbarians. For a proof of their higher civilization we may refer to the engraving on p. 7, representing some of the earliest Saxon pottery, the forms of one or two of the vessels, and especially that of the camphion in the centre, being extremely elegant and graceful. That a modern gentleman, if he could by any magic wand be placed among his ancestors of those days, would find himself somewhat embarrassed by the want of articles which the fashion of later days has rendered indispensable, cannot be denied. Even in a king's chamber he would often have been hard put to it to find a chair to sit down upon. And if, as he easily might, he obtained admittance to the royal banquet, he might have found his majesty

\* A History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages. By Thomas Wright. Chapman & Hall.



himself giving a practical proof of his adherence to the historical proverb, that fingers were made before forks. But in these respects the Saxons were no whit inferior to the most polished nations of antiquity, the Athenians and Romans being as little acquainted with spoons and forks as themselves, while many things prove a far superior refinement on the part of the Saxons. Most especially is this indicated by the intellectual character of their games; chess is certainly not a game that would be likely to find favour with a people of a ferocious disposition, but Mr. Wright produces several instances to prove it to have been a favourite pastime with the Saxon nobles and princes. We, indeed, have in one respect improved on our ancestors, in that we do not play chess for money; but if it should be objected to them that they suffered the excitement of the game to lead them into violent explosions of temper, as is proved by the cut on p. 200, which represents one player using the board to knock out the brains of his antagonist, we fear that in this point we are not as superior to the Saxons as we might wish, if at least Sidney Smith's reminiscence of his contest in this field of mimic war with Archbishop Howley be correct, when, as he reported it, he checkmated the future Primate, and was knocked down with the chessboard for his pains.

In most particulars the Norman conquest improved upon the refinement of the Saxons; education was more generally attended to (p. 18), and in one point the example of those who laid down rules for it might be followed with advantage by many a parent at the present day, for Mr. Wright informs us that, besides the use of arms and gymnastic and athletic exercises, the youth of the aristocracy was carefully instructed in carving. Those who remember how even that accomplished Spaniard, Don Juan—

"Paid his neighbour's prayer with half a turbot;"

or who, in their own experience, have known the agony of waiting, with hope deferred, while some unfortunate squire was groping, with random and unsuccessful attempts, for sound or stuffing; or who have seen the gravy splashed over their wife's new dress, will be best able to appreciate the soundness of the practical philosophy which ranked the art of carving among "the most important accomplishments of a gentleman." Of course, a people who held a course in such estimation, gave still higher honour to cooks; and if Agamemnon,

"Ὁ λαὸς τ' ἐπιτεράφαται καὶ τόσσα μίμηλε,

never inquired who dressed fish in his kitchen, William I., who made a more durable conquest, and had still more important state affairs to occupy his mind, was far from showing any similar indifference, but was proud to have himself represented in the celebrated Bayeux tapestry as carrying his cooks to his most important wars. In this respect, indeed, William was superior to many subsequent conquerors; for the Duke of Wellington, in the Peninsula, frankly confessed that many generals on his staff gave better dinners than he did; but in other points his contemporaries furnished lessons for our own statesmen. We can hardly fancy Mr. Gladstone, when he proposed to take off the paper duty, but to keep the tax on the poor man's tea and sugar, to have been ignorant of the story related by Mr. Wright (p. 101), how "a knight, who had cruelly plundered his poor villains, was complimented by one of his flatterers, who said, 'Ah, sir, truly thou dost well; for men ought always to pluck and pillage the churl, who is like the willow, it sprouteth out the better for being often cropped.'"

The friendship between the cook and the policeman affords a frequent subject of mirth to our modern writers; but Z 99 may plead that in the interested motives which are so often alleged to have prompted his dalliance, he is but following the example of holy men of old; in fact, that he is only acting as a conscientious High Churchman, since cut 100 (p. 145) presents us with a picture of a "holy water clerk" making fierce love to the cook, and taking advantage of her evident willingness to listen to his suit "to steal the animal which she is boiling in the cauldron."

The art on which, above all others, our forefathers prided themselves, and to which they owed so many of their victories, not only over the French but over the Scots, that of archery, Mr. Wright ascribes to the Saxons, not to the Normans; very convincingly observing, that their right to this praise is proved by the fact "that the names *bow* (*boga*) and *arrow* (*arewe*), by which they have always been known, are taken directly from the Saxon language; whereas, if the practice of archery had been introduced by the Normans, it is probable that we should have called them *ares* and *fletches*" (p. 113).

Fashion and etiquette vary with the age; but three very early handbooks of etiquette were known to the Normans, and called by them "Bokes of Curtasye." The modern exquisite may, perhaps, think himself in no need of the emphatic directions which, as Mr. Wright (p. 162) records, it contains, "to keep his nails clean, for his fellow next him at table should be disgusted," "to avoid spitting on the table," or, "when he blows his nose with his hand, to wipe his hand on his skirt or his tippet;" but though in such details as these he is not likely to offend, even he may gather a lesson from the spirit which dictated these injunctions, that the foundation of all good breeding is a proper attention to those with whom one is brought in contact, and a desire to avoid offending or disgusting them.

There is, perhaps, no more distinctive mark of the modern Englishman, than his love of gardening; certainly there is nothing which so greatly distinguishes an English country-house above the chateau of the foreign nobles or millionaires, as the beauty of the English garden. It is pleasing to learn from Mr. Wright (p. 289), that this is quite a national fancy; that "the love of flowers prevailed generally among our Anglo-Saxon forefathers;" and that "many of our old favourite garden flowers are derived from the Anglo-Saxon gardens."

As time advanced, society also progressed with greater or less rapidity, according as the circumstances of England, and the country with which it was continually mixed up, namely France, accelerated or retarded improvement. And this advance, sometimes slow and sometimes rapid, is well brought out by Mr. Wright, who teaches how the dwelling-houses gradually became enlarged, how, with this enlargement, comforts and decorum also increased, and how,

though the manners of our ancestors, even after the Reformation, were still, in many respects, rude, and even what we should call dirty, new customs and new rules of etiquette gradually arose; in many cases, perhaps, polishing the manners before they humanized the feelings.

Mr. Wright, as we have said, brings us down to the reign of the second Charles, a period with which general readers are more familiar than with the eras of the races of Anjou or Plantagenet. Yet so much more rapid of late have been the changes of manners, that, of the pastimes which he mentions as favourites of the latter end of the seventeenth century, but one, football, has held its ground to our day. At that point he leaves us, expressing a hope that he is but leaving the completion of his task "to some worthier labourer." As it will be hard to find a worthier, an epithet which, in this instance, may be taken as synonymous with a more diligent, sagacious, and lively chronicler, we rather hope that he will himself complete his own work. And if he wants encouragement, we have no doubt whatever that the reception which will infallibly be given to this volume, will be an abundantly sufficient inducement to continue his most valuable, instructive, and entertaining labours.

#### EARLY EGYPTIAN HISTORY FOR THE YOUNG.\*

For years we have not had a really fresh book upon the ancient or modern state of Egypt. In the term book we do not include such cart-loads of wisdom as Lepsius's huge work representing the sculptures—which, moreover, having no letter-press, is closed to those who do not read hieroglyphics. Nor, again, do we include the German treatises that a malady for writing produces every year, dry as the mummies they describe, and dark as the mummy-pits. By a book we mean an octavo that you can get from Mudie's, and read at your fireside. Of such books, for ten years past, we have had not one. There have been the usual frivolous records of voyages up the Nile, undertaken to restore to health those who were never ill, excepting with the *ennui* of the London season; but a really genuine book has been wanting until the reading world began to say that since Lane and Wilkinson, nothing more was to be said upon this oldest object of curious travellers, the land that roused the wonder of Solon and Herodotus, when they saw its ancient polity in decrepitude.

Yet here is a new book that is full of information without being dull, and full of humour without being frivolous; stating, in the most popular form, the main results of modern research. Two young ladies, having filled their minds with book knowledge of ancient Egypt, have seen its monuments with fresh eyes. Miss Martineau tried to do this, but failed, as she was always looking, not for truth, but for confirmations of her favourite theories. In this book we have a complete success; more happy, because it aims at simplicity, and therefore escapes the mummification that seems to be the fate of works on ancient Egypt.

The idea of the authors has been to interweave a history with the narrative of a voyage up the Nile, a plan which is almost suggested by the ages of the chief groups of monuments that form the several great points of interest that successively arrest the attention. First above Cairo is the wonderful burial-ground of Memphis, the great city of Lower Egypt, where in the mighty pyramids we see the earliest monuments, not alone of this country, but of the world—wonders recalling the Tower of Babel, and suggesting an age of giants. Next, the rock-hewn tombs of Benec-Hasan, with porticoes sustained by prototypes of Doric columns, are seen from the river. Entering them, we find their walls covered with paintings representing the arts, the pleasures, and the labours, of the Egyptians at a later time; a period that startles us by its remoteness, for these tombs once held the bodies of men whom we may reasonably suppose to have been Abraham's contemporaries. Further, excepting the temple of Denderah, which, as a monument of the Greek rule, belongs to a class more largely represented in the highest part of Egypt, there is no important object of interest below Thebes. At this the great Upper Egyptian city, the successor and not the rival of Memphis, we visit the temples and tombs of the kings of what has been termed the empire, and the sepulchres of their subjects—works executed during a period of three centuries, commencing about the time to which the Exodus is commonly assigned. Here, too, are later monuments of subsequent kings until the Ptolemaic rule. The fine temples of Esne, Adfoo, Ombos, and Philæ, represent the Greek and Roman dominion, a time of great wealth but of falling art. When it is recollected that all these monuments, the Pyramids alone excepted, but not the tombs of subjects around those kingly sepulchres, are covered with sculptures or paintings, many of them historical, none without a historical element, it is evident that Egypt tells her own history, and does so with an excellent method. The object of the authors of this work has been to transcribe this history for the benefit of those who do not visit Egypt. That they have addressed the young is, as we have said, not to be regretted, for it has given their book a clearness that will make it very agreeable to older readers. A late pleasant writer used to remark that an important condition of success in a work was that the author should assume perfect ignorance on the part of his readers, treating them as though they were children. The truth of this remark is shown by the success of French learned works with the public, and the failure of German ones; the former aiming at simplicity, the latter at obscurity. In books relating to well-known history, next to simplicity, it is important to bring before the reader the scenes in which events happened, or to give the actors a stage, otherwise we do not feel any reality in what is described. To this rule much of the interest of Macaulay's "History of England" is due, his careful pictures carrying us back to the times of which he writes, and relieving the evenness of his declamatory style. When history is obscure, description takes a still more important place. It is only by describing places which may be connected with historical events that the reader's curiosity can be excited, and he can be persuaded patiently to listen to the meagre fragments of an almost lost history. The authors of this work have been

\* Early Egyptian History for the Young; with Descriptions of the Tombs and Monuments, by the author of "Sidney Grey," &c., and her Sister. Macmillan & Co.



well aware of this, and they have been careful to arouse interest by descriptions, before attempting to convey historical information. Yet even then it would be hard to give a human interest to the narrative of the career of a conquering monarch to whose character we have not the slightest clue. We care more for one man than for a hundred mere shadows. This is why when Greek and Roman history ceases to be traditional and becomes historical, and, having become historical, takes a further step and becomes biographical, that at each stage it acquires greater interest. We can only gain a feeling akin to personal interest to the characters of Egyptian history by picturing their domestic life, their employments, their amusements, and still more their belief. This has evidently been the thought of the writers, and they have paid especial attention to all that relates to manners and customs. Upon the rock of chronology they have wisely refused to be wrecked, quaintly remarking that geography and chronology are said to be the two eyes of history, but that "Egyptian history, venerable mother of all histories, as we must regard her, is extremely dim-sighted, not to say blind, of her chronological eye," and that in their sketch, they will leave out that eye altogether. They have, therefore, wisely kept dates very much out of their book, else they would have choked most of their readers old and young.

So much as to the plan of the work. Let us see how that plan is carried out. The most striking characteristic we notice is the fresh aspect in which the writers saw the features and monuments of Egypt, partly due to their knowledge of learned books, but also to a remarkable acuteness of observation and facility of description. How true is this of the fields on the approach to the Pyramids:—

"We had our backs to the river, and before us lay a long stretch of flat, richly cultivated country, the fields of a much more tender and fresh green than English fields wear even in spring, and, among them, splendid groups of palm-trees, the tallest palm-trees, with upright brown stems, each of which looked like a curiously carved and ornamented wooden pillar, crowned with a great crown of pendant green fronds,—every leaf so still that day, that they, too, looked as if they might have been cut out from some solid blue-green stone" (p. 4).

A little further and the Pyramids are seen, and the description strikes us as very forcibly conveying what we have ourselves felt.

"With my eyes I only saw three great, solid, regularly-shaped mountains of stone, lifting themselves proudly and sullenly, as it appeared to me, into the still sunshine. They seemed to push it away from them instead of springing up joyfully into it, as spires and minarets do. I looked and felt, not admiration, but a sort of awe as before something unknown. It was as if some great thought had been put before me, written in letters too large for me to read" (p. 5).

Here is a charming fancy that any one can understand who has seen eastern life at Cairo, where still the story-tellers relate wonders to hearers that accept them, and who know that the Arabs still come to the traveller and relate, as happened to us, how, in the desert, some days' journey away from the river, they have suddenly come upon an enchanted town, whose walls reached too high for sight.

"To me, so long as we could see them, these Mokattam hills were always enchanted mountains. I used to try to think of there being nothing but desert behind them, no green fields, no water, nothing but sand-hills and dead sand-plains, on and on till one reached the sea; I knew it was so, but I could never see it so; there is something in the look of the narrow valley and the two ranges of hills, shutting out an unknown land on each side, which sets people fancying. I don't wonder at people believing the Arabian Nights, in Egypt; it seems only natural to suppose that if one could once get behind those hills, one would as likely as not come upon the mysterious lake with the four-coloured fish in it, which never would be cooked for the Sultan; and then going on a little further, hear the cool sound of fountains in the Prince of the Black Island's deserted garden, and be petrified with astonishment at the sight of the splendid marble porticoes of his palace" (pp. 75, 76).

Not less happy are the pictures of ancient Egypt, of which one has especially struck us as a new view of one of the oldest of subjects. We have all read of the Vocal Memnon, and know how his mysterious voice has been held to have been produced by a deceit of the priests, or explained as a natural effect of the stone of which he is carved being first struck by the rays of the rising sun. For this latter theory we may remark there is some support in the fact that Mr. Lane, and, at an earlier time, some members of the French Institute of Egypt, heard a musical sound coming from stones of the Egyptian temples, no doubt through the effect of heat. But, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the statue, as an inscription cut upon it records, saluted Hadrian by three sounds when he came to listen to it at the sun-rising. Our authors cling to the natural theory, and quite naively give it a new meaning:—"The story of the great stone man making music at sun-rise, to awaken the city from its slumbers, is about the most picturesque that Egyptian tradition gives us,"—and very picturesque it is as here described, Memnon's sharp voice awakening the sleeping capital at the close of the hour before sun-rise, "always the stillest in great cities, perhaps the only really silent hour of the twenty-four; for the revellers have all gone home, and the workers have a little time longer to rest."

More quotations we should like to make, showing how the old Egyptian stories are here to be seen in a new aspect, not deprived of their truth, but invested with fresh interest by a careful portrayal of their human side, and how well the strange Egyptian belief, partly false, partly traced to primeval revelation, is sketched out; but we have said enough to take our readers to the book itself, where they will learn more of ancient Egypt than in any other popular work on the subject.

#### THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE GIANTS.\*

ONCE upon a time there dwelt a giant in the west country called Cormoran, and who has not read of the stratagem of that clever youth, Jack the Giant

\* Rambles in Western Cornwall, by the Footsteps of the Giants; with Notes on the Celtic Remains of the Land's End and the Islands of Scilly. By J. O. Halliwell, F.R.S. London: John Russell Smith.

Killer, by which the monster was destroyed? "To see and examine what still remains of the memorials of a Titan race, and to make a brief record of them before they finally disappear, were the chief objects of a little tour in that western district of Cornwall, which, beyond all others, was the favourite abode and the land of the English giants." Thus Mr. J. O. Halliwell introduces the reader to his interesting sketch of the Land's End district, and to his investigation of the Celtic remains, which the hands of man the destroyer, are rapidly removing from the locality rendered classic "by the fable of Bellerus Old."

The traditions of the giants remain now only as dim shadows; but, as Mr. Halliwell remarks, "such traditions not unfrequently prove useful in literary investigation, and all should be carefully preserved." The little book, which has been produced during a few weeks of leisure, is full of instruction, and at the same time it is one of the most pleasing of guide-books. We can but regret that Mr. Halliwell could not have devoted more time to the examination of a district which he is so well qualified to explore.

The origin of those legendary tales, which are, under the influence of locomotive engines, fast dying out, is a subject of curious interest. The Oriental races had their Gogmagog and other sons of Og the king of Bashan. Wherever we find a Celtic people, there we may discover traces "of the sons of Anak, which come of the giants." In Cornwall, in Wales, and in the south of Ireland, there is scarcely a remarkable rock to which there does not cling some story of this class, many of them being strangely yoked to superstitions of the Middle Ages. As an example of this, we find that many of the patron saints of the Cornish churches are, by the transmuting power of the Celtic mind, ever prone to indulge in exaggeration, changed into men of giant stature. The following legend of the Crowsaz Stones is to the point:—

St. Just went in a friendly manner to pay a visit to St. Keverne. He was received with great cordiality, and entertained with an excess of hospitality. St. Keverne produced his best plate, to do full honour to his guest, and right merrily was St. Just entertained for several days.

At length they parted; and it was not long after St. Just had left his friend's house that the host discovered that a valuable piece of plate was missing. St. Keverne suspected the honesty of his guest; he resolved on pursuing him, and insisting on the restoration of the stolen property, or to make him give proofs of his honesty. On crossing Crowsaz Downs, St. Keverne resolved to arm himself, and he took up three stones, each weighing 300 pounds, and put them into his pocket. He overtook his brother saint in the parish of Germoe, and charged him immediately with the robbery. St. Just denied the charge, but St. Keverne attacked him with great fury, and, being armed with the three stones, he soon secured a victory, and the humbled St. Just returned the stolen plate to St. Keverne, and made his way to his own parish.

St. Keverne placed the stones triangularly in a nook, declaring that they should for ever stand as a memorial of his friend's roguishness and of his victory. On the right hand side of the road, in a little nook, between Breague and Marazion, they continue to the present day.

Many times have they been removed for building, but always during the night they have returned. The truth of this legend is proved by the fact that these stones are actually of the same grit with the ironstone of Crowsaz Downs, and that none besides of this kind are to be found in Breague or Germoe.

Two stones, neither of them weighing less than a ton, are preserved on the moors near Bodmin, to mark the midnight chase of the Devil by the Hermit of Roach. The tempter fled so fast from the saint that the good man, finding his staff impeded his progress, stuck it into the ground. Then the demon rose a high wind behind him, and in the storm St. Roach lost his hat. The tempest beat so pitilessly upon the bald head of the holy recluse as to compel him to abandon the chase. He returned for his hat and stick. Lo! the spirit of evil had changed them to stone—and there they are to this day to convince all unbelievers.

Mr. Halliwell has confined his attention to the relics of the giants who lived west of St. Michael's Mount, and pleasingly tells us of his visits to sundry "giants' caves," "giants' chairs," and "giants' beds." Bellerus and Cormoran are the only giants whose names are preserved by our author, except the mighty Gogmagog, who was killed on Plymouth Hoe by Corineus, as is testified by that truthful historian, Geoffrey of Monmouth, although there are Bolster and Wrath, with several others, whose names still live in the memories of the people, not to mention the mighty Tregeagle. Treryn Castle, leading to the celebrated Logan Rock, was once, Mr. Halliwell tells us, "inhabited by three giants—one lady and two gentlemen,—but the latter quarrelled, I presume for the possession of the fair one, and one of them 'stabbed the other in the belly with a knife,' to use the words of my informant, an octogenarian who evidently believed the tale. After this occurrence, the two remaining members of the party lived happily there for many years. This is the only Cornish tradition I have met with in which a female giant is introduced." If our author could have devoted a little more time to the inquiry, he would have found that lady giants were not so uncommon amongst the descendants of Gogmagog. They appear to have been a much enduring race—they were made to bear burthens and labour in the fields,—yet they complained not. At least we hear of one only who cursed her hard lot, and her curse became a memorial.

The giants, as everybody knows, built St. Michael's Mount, and they made their wives bring them the rocks which they required. On the shore near to Marazion is a vast mass of Greenstone, known as the "Chapel Rock," from the circumstance that formerly an oratory was built upon it. This rock was being carried by a giantess in her apron. Staggering under the burthen, she dared to murmur; the giant struck her, she sprang forward to avoid a second blow, her apron string broke, under the sudden strain put upon it, and as the rock fell to the ground she uttered a curse. From that day to this no power has been able to move the rock.

Bolster, too, who was so vast a giant that he could stand with one foot on St. Agnes Beacon and the other on Carn Brea, although those hills are five miles



apart, was in the habit of punishing his wife by compelling her to carry stones from a farm now known as "The Bolster," to the top of the Beacon. While we find this farm singularly free of stones as compared with other farms in the parish, on the hill-top are numerous piles still existing to prove how great were the labours of Mrs. Bolster.

We learn from the traditions of this Bolster that giants could fall in love; and the moral of his end should be a warning to the infatuated and the unfaithful.

Bolster became enamoured of the good St. Agnes. For a long period she heeded not his importunities; and we may presume that the Christian saint lectured him on forgetting that he was a married man. Howbeit poor St. Agnes was persecuted to extremity; and resolving to free herself, she pretended to listen to his entreaties. At length the saint told him that she would become his, upon condition that he would fill a hole in the cliffs at Porth Chapel with his blood. Although the hole was deep, this was a trifle to so vast a man. Bolster struck a knife into his arm, and stretched it over the hole. He bled profusely, but the hole was not filled. St. Agnes knew that at the bottom it opened into the Atlantic Ocean. The sea was ensanguined with the giant's life-stream, and he was found dead, with his arm stretched over the chasm. Near the spot St. Agnes built a chapel, of which the remains can still be traced, and the curious may examine the red stains which have lingered to this day on the rent in the rocks through which flowed the blood of Bolster.

In addition to the records of the giants, Mr. Halliwell describes the curious stone circles.

"There are," he writes, "various country traditions which account for the existence of these stones. Some say they were maidens, who were transformed into stones for dancing on the Lord's Day. Others assert that a man is buried under each stone. All, however, agree that the stones are placed there by supernatural agency, and that it is impossible to remove them. An old man at Boleigh, who informed us that a farmer, having removed two or three stones on one occasion, was astonished to see them in their old places the next morning, was evidently displeased at the account being inconsiderately received with a smile of incredulity. Another story respecting them is, that an attempt to drag them out of their places, although a vast horse or oxen power was engaged, utterly failed, and that the cattle employed in the task fell down and shortly after died."

With Mr. Halliwell's book to awaken the memories of youthful days—when we viewed the world through a veil woven by fancy, and when we almost believed in the stories of giants, fairies, hobgoblins, and ghosts, which we eagerly hunted up—we could gossip on. Science is disenchanting the world, or rather, we are actors in a great transformation scene. The giant's power is surpassed by the sun-born Titan heat. The fairy gambols, leaving traces on the sands and sward, are replaced by the yet more subtle spirit light; and although the little Pucks could "put a girdle round the earth in thirty minutes," at the bidding of Prospero, *electricity*, at the bidding of Wheatstone, will run a race with Time, and leave him, like a laggard, far behind.

Ere yet those traditions and superstitions are gone for ever, let us hope there will be others who may be disposed, like Mr. J. O. Halliwell, to devote the occasional leisure of a busy life in searching out those dreams of an olden time which show the inner-life of the people who accepted those visions with curious awe. The volume before us is an acceptable and interesting addition to our literature, and it will serve to amuse a leisure hour when graver books would fail to interest.

#### FOOTNOTES FROM THE PAGE OF NATURE.\*

LIFE is everywhere. And to the studious the humblest forms of life present the greatest wonders. The geologist knows that some of the mightiest mountain masses are formed of microscopic shells, and the naturalist knows that the abysses of our oceans are paved with all but invisible foraminifers. The botanist comes before us now to plead for the humblest of plants. The humblest amongst ourselves are the great body of workers,—the labourer, the mechanic, agriculturist. The men, women, and children of low degree are the toilers and producers. Unceasingly working they are perpetually accomplishing. And so in nature vast ends are incessantly working out by humble means. Bare and sterile mountains become clothed with humble verdure; rocks moulder into soil under the chemical influences of the incrusting lichens; streams shift their outlines, and lakes are converted into fertile meadows or sites of luxuriant forests by means of the vast armies of nature's unobtrusive pioneers. Man's own structure is nourished and built up by the particles which the humblest of plants have rescued from the mineral world. Well may the cryptogamic botanist plead for the humble plants he loves to gather, for the scenes amidst which he plucks them may be of the wildest and grandest, the simplest and most obscure; they flourish alike on the mountain-peak and the sea-shore rock, on the weather-beaten crag and the crumbling wall. Verdant alike in the sunshine of summer and under winter-clouded skies, mosses, lichens, and algæ fill with eternal beauty every nook and corner of the earth. In the exquisite language of Ruskin:—"Unfading as motionless the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat, nor pine in frost. To them slow-fingered, constant-hearted is intrusted the weaving of the dark eternal tapestries of the hills; to them slow pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossoms like drifted snow, and summer dims in the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold, far above among the mountains, the silver-lichen spots rest, starlike on the stone and the gathering orange-stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunset of a thousand years."

The first portion of the "Footnotes from the Page of Nature," is devoted to the mosses, a charming subject, and very well done whenever the author writes

about his subject and lets alone the twaddling sentimentality, the bastard eloquence of hackneyed quotations and the flowery dressing of high-flown verbiage with which most of the modern books of popular science are disfigured and made worse than worthless.

Our author is a little prolix about mosses, as he is about everything else, but he can write sensibly when he expresses his own thoughts. We think him sometimes striving more for poetical or wonderful description than for truth, as for example in respect to mosses:—

"Though frozen hard under the snow-wreaths of winter for several months, their vitality is unimpaired; and though subjected to the scorching rays of the summer's sun, they continue green and unblighted. Even when thoroughly desiccated into a brown unshapen mass, that almost crumbles into dust when touched by the hand, they revive under the influence of the genial shower, become green as an emerald; every pellucid leaf serving as a tiny mirror on which to catch the stray sunbeams. Specimens dried and pressed in the herbarium for half a century have been resuscitated on the application of moisture, and the seed procured from their capsules has readily germinated. They grow freely in the Arctic regions, where there is a long twilight of six months' duration; and they luxuriate in the dazzling uninterrupted light of the tropics."

We admit a doubt as to mosses growing again after fifty years' drying up between the leaves of a book, and we should hope the author has a good foundation for his statement that they luxuriate in the dazzling uninterrupted light of the tropics. And again we can hardly agree with a statement which follows these passages, that the wonderful vital energy with which the mosses are endowed, enables them "to acclimatize themselves without changing their character in any region of the earth, and in every kind of situation upon its surface." Different species may represent the family of mosses all over the earth; but we do not believe any one species possesses the ubiquity and persistency here assigned to it.

The second part of the book takes up the lichens—mysterious favourites ever of our own from infancy to this hour. In the passages which describe these unassuming, but often beautiful plants, the author does give us some sterling matter; but the interlardings of fine writing, and the occasional looseness of diction on the other hand, create distrust. We can no more, under the uncertainties they create, regard him as a teacher than soldiers would regard as their leader a capering dancing-master. All vagaries take from the dignity of science, and no true science is without true dignity.

After a long chapter on freshwater algæ and diatoms, we have a very fair, it might be made a very excellent, one on fungi; but as it is there is a curious mixture of truth, and, shall we say, fiction. We quote two passages from pages opposite to each other:—

"The force developed by this rapid growth and increase of the cells of fungi, is truly astonishing. Monsieur Bullard relates that, on placing a fungus within a glass vessel, the plant expanded so rapidly, that it shivered the glass to pieces, with an explosive detonation as loud as that of a pistol. Every one has heard of the portentous growth of fungi in a gentleman's cellar, produced by the decomposing contents of a wine cask, which, being too sweet for immediate use, was allowed to stand unmolested for several years. The door in this case was blocked up by the monstrous growth; and when forcible entrance was obtained, the whole cellar was found completely filled; the cask which had caused the vegetable revel, drained of its contents, being triumphantly elevated to the roof, as it were upon the shoulders of the bacchanalian fungi!"

We now turn to the opposite page (p. 201):—

"What a contrast there is between the minute bread-mould at the bottom of the scale and the gigantic Wellingtonia of the Californian forests at the top? The one during the warm moist weather of summer appears suddenly, as if by magic, on a stale crust laid aside in a cupboard, attains its highest development, ripens, and scatters its seeds, and perishes in a few days; the other sent forth its embryo shoots in the primeval solitude more than three thousand years ago, and may yet witness the revolution of many centuries ere it begins to decay. . . . Why does the fungus live for a day and the tree for ages?"

Taken altogether the book is superficial. Tissues of statements, good, bad, and indifferent, gleanings from botany, geology, chemistry, and geography, pretty wordinesses, and elaborate obscurities, are not what the popular science public want. Thoughtful people see objects interesting to them, or beautiful, and they want to know something about them. They can think wild, fanciful, or pretty ideas themselves. What they really want is what they seldom get,—some of the real meat of knowledge; what they are usually treated to are the jams and confectioneries of pseudo-literary cooks.

#### A RESIDENCE AT JAPAN.\*

SINCE the publication of Mr. Oliphant's valuable and interesting work upon Japan, there has appeared no book, referring to that strange country, on which equal reliance could be placed. We regret to say that Mr. Pemberton Hodgson proves, by his own pages, he is not trustworthy. He fails in winning the confidence of his readers, because his statements and his opinions are inconsistent. He may be, and we have no doubt he is, a very honest witness: that he sets down in perfect sincerity what is the impression of the moment; but in so doing he makes remarks which, when placed side by side, are found to be at variance with one another. He starts off with declaring that "the Japanese are a race worthy of our esteem and affection!" and then he shows that in their dealing with himself he found them to be such systematic and barefaced liars, that when convicted of falsehood they passed over the exposure as a trifle not worth being apologized for. How, it may be asked, is it possible to hold in "esteem" persons who conduct themselves in the manner which he thus describes?

"The Japanese are excellent diplomatists and have evidently studied Machiavel; for, as in the case of the Sampson, they can and do most unceremoniously and

\* A Residence at Nagasaki and Hakodate in 1859-1860; with an Account of Japan generally. By C. Pemberton Hodgson, late H.B.M. Consul at those ports. With a series of Letters on Japan, by his Wife. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street, publisher in ordinary to her Maj.-sty. 1861.

\* Footnotes from the Page of Nature; or, First Forms of Vegetation. By the Rev. H. Macmillan. London: Macmillan & Co. 1861.



unblushingly declare a fact which is not the reality, stick to it manfully through thick and thin, in the hopes of carrying through; and attack, retreat, recapitulate, and yield with the most becoming and natural grace in the world. After all, their persuasion and eloquence has failed to substantiate a good honest 'equivoque' (which, in their opinion, is the *ne plus ultra* of intellectual superiority), and they find the plain truth is a more sure and successful weapon of defence, they give in, laugh, sip their tea, smoke a pipe, and are ready to begin again."

And then, how is it possible to entertain an affection for a people that are alike blood-thirsty and treacherous, for such Mr. Hodgson proves them to be. We again quote his own words:—

"The permission to visit Yeddo, the capital, being obtained and the passport granted, the Consul generally requests the Governor to send two mounted Yakomins as an escort. . . . Not that a Yakomin would ever draw a sword in defence of a foreigner, were he the Minister himself, but would either be the first to run away *relicta non bene parmula*, or perhaps join in the attack himself, and then rush home to report the result, thus quieting suspicion, although he may himself have dealt the death-blow. Certainly if I were attacked, my first shot would be, if armed at the time, at my own servants."

How Mr. Hodgson can refer in terms of praise to a population of whom such instances of falsehood and treachery are narrated, we cannot understand. But the author admires, it may be said, everything connected with the Japanese. Before the foreigners visited them, he says "Japan was happy in her solitude," and how "happy" we may surmise, from the author's description of what he himself witnessed in one of his first excursions to the interior.

"At the entrance to the first 'Aino' village, heads of bears formed, if not a noble, a suitable barrier. . . . Along the pathway, for it was only a narrow path, where one or two horses could go abreast, these despised of the Japanese cringed, men, women, and children (to my horror and disgust), before us; they squatted down, and as we passed, put their hands to the ground and then with due reverence raised them to their heads, in token of deep respect and submission. . . . The 'Ainos' are, I understand, the despised aborigines of Japan. Their number does not exceed 80,000. . . . They are strong and muscular; but they are despised as Jews are by the Arabs; yet in my own poor opinion they are as fine a race as most savages. . . . These poor people do not speak Japanese. Even my servants of Hakodate could not converse with them; but I wish I could speak their language, and then no doubt I should find brave hearts beating beneath brawny breasts. They live entirely on fish and herbs. At every few miles you may meet an 'Aino' settlement—boats, nets, and all the concomitants of a fishing village. Many are employed by Matsumai and Hakodate merchants, to obtain fish for oil; and they gain one whole penny a day! But to these simple folk that is enough, perhaps."

In the deplorable condition of this miserable race we have an illustration of the conduct of the Japanese as conquerors and rulers. It is with such people and its wicked government that Europeans and Americans have lately been brought in contact—that disputes have taken place, and the public is now called upon by our author—and upon his assertion too—and despite of his own evidence, to "blame not the Japanese," "but to believe that the foreign community are alone to blame."

Mr. Hodgson is a candid, but not a reliable witness. We have shown that his own evidence is condemnatory of his Japanese clients; but in the disputes that have arisen between the foreign merchants and the Japanese, upon the standard of exchange, he puts forward a case against the former, which is certainly very discreditable to them.

"The currency question was referred to that capital, and by the energy, tact, and patience of our minister, aided by his colleagues, was at last on the point of being satisfactorily arranged."

"What then? Merchants, or men calling themselves so, owning only some thousand dollars, put down applications for millions, under the gentlemanly names of 'Nonsense,' 'Snooks,' 'Jack Ketch,' 'Walker,' 'Brown,' 'Jones,' and 'Robinson.' Our minister nobly and instantly branded this outrage on the delicacy and respect due to the panic-struck officials with the epithets such ignoble conduct justly merited. Yet these were the men whom the unknown millions of Japan were to receive and welcome! They asked from the treasury of Kanagawa, on the 2nd November, 1859, only four months after the opening of the port, exchange in itabous for 1,200,666,778,244,601,066,953 dollars!!! Was this fair, was it honourable, was this the way to win them over?—to wring out of them a Treaty, and then insult them in their own treasury and in the presence of their officials? Mockery has its limits, even where ignorance is speechless; patience and good breeding may support, but cannot pardon, ridicule and coarseness. Can they like or respect such specimens of their new friends?"

"What followed? No mint could meet such exorbitant demands. Paris, London, New York, all the capitals united, could not have supplied these exigencies. Exchange was stopped—then trade; then idleness on the part of the foreigners. On the part of the Japanese, one feeling predominated, and still predominates—a regret that they conceded a Treaty to the Americans, a bitter repentance of the signatures of 1854, which the voice of their gods told them plainly was the death-warrant of their former bliss and contentment. The Japanese have gained nothing. They have sold gold at 100 per cent. profit to the foreigner—they have received a few presents; but they are sick of us, and view with wonder no more our fleets, our arms, or ourselves. They may have bought a few yards of flannel, a few bales of Manchester goods, a few toys; in exchange they have offered us, at indescribable profit, nearly all they have to offer. So punctilions were they in carrying out the Treaties, so ready are we to profit by their generosity and abuse their confidence!"

"They have been insulted; they have revenged themselves. Blood has red-dened the Japanese sword, and yet we, unmindful of the provocation, already cry for vengeance. We are the lambs, the Japanese the butchers. Believe it not, my friends in England and France! The Japanese are a race worthy of our esteem and affection."

In the description of the country—of its natural productions, its fertility, and its beauty—Mr. Hodgson's book will be found most useful and attractive. He is a good collector of facts, but an unsound reasoner. His book is one well worthy of being read, and its attractions are considerably increased by the charming letters of Mrs. Pemberton-Hodgson, describing not merely well and graphically all that ladies would wish to learn respecting the manners of an almost unknown people, but also conveying information calculated to be of use to every one who wishes to have an accurate idea both of Japan and the Japanese.

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

*Schoolboy Honour; a Tale of Halminster College.* By the Rev. H. C. Adams, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford, author of "Tales of Charlton School," "Sivan the Sleeper." A new edition with illustrations. London: Routledge, Warne, & Routledge, Farringdon-street; New York: 56, Walker-street. A new edition of a capital boy's book, written by an author who possesses the rare gift of writing a work equally pleasing to the young and old.

*Rosedale; or, the Deserted Manor House.* An English Fire-side story. By Miss E. M. Stewart, authoress of "Royalists and Roundheads," "Rival Roses," "London City Tales," "Lillias Davenant," "Aubrey Conyers," &c. London: Bernard Douglas, 145, Fleet-street. Miss Stewart has written many interesting tales, but none more suitable for a welcome new year's gift than the present handsomely bound volume. "Rosedale" is a charming story.

*A Manual of Artistic Colouring as applied to Photographs: a Practical Guide to Artists and Photographers, containing Clear, Simple, and Complete Instruction for Colouring Photographs on Glass, Paper, Ivory, and Canvas, with Crayon, Powder, Oil, or Water Colours; with Chapters on the proper Lighting, Posing, and Artistic Treatment generally of Photographic Portraits; and on Colouring Photographic Landscapes.* By Alfred H. Wall. London: Thomas Piper, Photographic News Office, 32, Paternoster-row.—The author of this work is well known as a portrait and miniature painter, and as a most accomplished photographic colourist. His book is the result of careful study and constant practice, and cannot fail to be found useful to those for whose benefit it has been written. We recommend its perusal to all professional students, amateur painters, and photographic colourists.

*The Curate of Cranston; with other Prose and Verse.* By Cuthbert Bede, author of "Mr. Verdant Green," "Glencreggin," &c. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co., 66, Brook-street, Hanover-square.—"The Curate of Cranston" is a poor young clergyman who has been wasting his energies for four years in the midst of wretched hinds upon whom his preaching and example can produce no good results. The country around him is bleak and miserable; and his only consolations are a scanty pittance and an earnest love for a fair cousin, who is a music-mistress. Upon a Christmas night the curate is called out of bed to baptize two children; he obeys the call, and in returning mistakes a collapsed fire balloon for a murdered female; and the next day receives a letter offering him a nice living, with so large an income attached to it as to enable him to marry his cousin, and—"that's all!" In these few lines is comprised the whole story of "The Curate of Cranston." There is really nothing in it; but then the tale is well written, and, like the other papers by the same author, which are collected from various periodicals, will be found very agreeable reading for an idle hour.

*The Principal Songs of Robert Burns Translated into Medieval Latin Verse, with the Scottish Version, collated.* By Alexander Leighton, author of "Curious Traditions of Scottish Life," "The Court of Cacus." Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo, St. David's-street. London: Houlston & Wright, Paternoster-row.—The author of these Latin rhymes declares that they will not be fairly treated by profound scholars, if his compositions are tested by a comparison with the classic models of antiquity. He discards the notion of writing in Horatian metres. He abjures the "Trimeter Iambicus Catalectic," the "Glyconicus," and the "Choriambicus Asclepiadeus!" He writes "medieval" Latin; because it is more convenient to do so, and because it is better suited to convey to foreigners an accurate notion of "the Doric" English in which the gifted ploughman of Ayrshire expressed his thoughts. The manner in which Mr. Leighton has performed his self-imposed task reflects, we think, credit alike upon his talents and his patriotism. Some of Burns' songs are very happily rendered; and how closely "the mediæval Latin" adheres to the original "Scotch" may be seen by the annexed version of the well known lines of "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut":—

"Gulielmus potum coxit,  
Robert' ergo et Allani:  
Noctu tres hi ariores,  
Fuerunt non in Christandie.

"Non inebriamur nos  
Scintilla tantum oculo;  
Canat gallus—luceat;  
Lætabimur in poculo.

"Joviales tres sedemus,  
Tres sedemus ebrii,

Beatas noctes vidimus,  
Speramus pluribus fieri.

"Ecce cornus lunellæ,  
Nitens illic quantum!  
Tentat trahere domum,  
Pol! restabit tantulum.

"Ille primus qui exsurget,  
Cuccurra timidissime!  
Qui sub sella primus cadet,  
Trium nostrum rex ille."

To all admirers of Robert Burns, and they are countless, we recommend this curious and amusing volume.

*Garden Fables; or, Flowers of Speech.* By Mrs. Medhurst. Illustrated by Thomas Hood. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co., 66, Brook-street, Hanover-square, W.—This is an interesting volume, and reflects great credit upon the taste and fancy of the writer. It is a volume of poetry, freed from the shackles of rhyme, or the burden of blank verse. It fixes attention upon one of the charms of England—its rich abundance in wild flowers, to which a new attraction is given by the writings of Mrs. Medhurst. She makes of her wild flowers sentient beings, and employs very pretty imagery to convey a moral to the mind of her readers. Here is a brief specimen of the manner in which the pride of the wild flower is humbled, and its vanity frightfully punished:—

"'Patience, indeed! you preach me to death with patience!' muttered a fiery-tempered young Poppy to a sedate Wheat-ear, standing in a magnificent corn-field. 'It's all very well for you, in such a handsome dress, to talk of "patience," "content," and being "useful," and all such nonsense; but look at my uniform, and say if it is reasonable to expect me to be satisfied in a common field. No! I must see and be seen, and I will at any cost!'

"Woful resolve! As if to punish his discontent, at that moment an old woman, seizing him roughly, tore him up by the roots, and, tying him in a bundle with many more of his kind, threw him across her shoulders and trudged slowly



through the village to her cottage home. At first he trembled, but as a spirit of adventure belongs to 'seeing life,' he soon felt comfortably curious to know where his first day's journey would end, and endeavoured, in very blank verse, to describe his sensations.

"Presently a dirty-faced boy exclaimed, 'Why, Granny, what have you got these nasty conkers (wild poppies) for?'"

"Nasty conkers, forsooth!" she said, as she threw her bundle angrily on the floor, thereby taking all the shine out of the poor Poppy's uniform. 'See if the old sow thinks them nasty conkers for her supper, while I get ours ready.'

"In an instant he was thrown by the dirty-faced boy into the pigsty, and ere he could compare himself to a Gladiator in the Circus, Death, in the ignoble form of an old sow, made him his prey."

"Garden Fables" is a book that will be received with equal favour in the drawing-room and the school-room. It is suggestive of good thoughts.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—*The Strayed Falcon*. By the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe." Illustrated. (Magnet Stories.) London: Groombridge & Sons, 5, Paternoster-row.—*The British Controversialist*. No. XXXVI. London: Houlston & Wright, 65, Paternoster-row.—*Recreative Science*. London: Groombridge & Sons, 5, Paternoster-row.—*The Baptist Magazine*. London: Pewtress & Co., 4, Ave Maria-lane.—*The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*. London: S. O. Beeton, 248, Strand.—*The Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*. London: John Churchill, New Burlington-street.—*The Geologist*. London: Lovell Reeve & Co., 5, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.—*New Quarterly Review*. No. XL. London: Robert Hardwicke, 192, Piccadilly.—*Beeton's Illuminated Family Bible*. With Illustrative Cartoons from designs by Julius Schnoor, and other eminent European artists. The illuminated initials, ornamental readings, and borderings, by Noel Humphreys. Engraved by N. N. Woods. London: S. O. Beeton, 248, Strand.—*Beeton's Book of Garden Management and Rural Economy*. Part IV. London: S. O. Beeton, 248, Strand.—*Beeton's Book of Home Pets*. Parts VIII. and IX. "Hawking Birds." London: S. O. Beeton, 248, Strand.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. LOVELL REEVE, the scientific publisher, has lately entered into partnership with Mr. C. R. Weld, a gentleman well known both in the literary and scientific world, and also as Assistant Secretary, for upwards of twenty years, to the Royal Society. The new firm are preparing a work from the pen of Professor C. Piazzi Smyth, Scottish Astronomer Royal, and author of a scientific account of astronomy and meteorological observations made some years ago on the Peak of Teneriffe. The new work is entitled, "Three Cities of Russia: a Visit to St. Petersburg, Moskva, and Novgorod," and gives an interesting account of his visit to M. Otto Struve, the Astronomer Royal at the Observatory of Pulkova. It is to be furnished with physical and geological maps, and copiously illustrated. Captain Allan M. Scott is also preparing a work for the new firm, which he describes as "Sketches in India." This work will be chiefly illustrative of military life, and native character and habits, and will contain 100 photographic vignettes.

Messrs. Williams & Norgate will shortly receive the critical edition of the "Divina Commedia," by the distinguished dantoflist, Professor Carl Witte, of the University of Halle. This work, which has occupied the author for many years, will be published in Berlin.

Messrs. Cundall & Downes, of New Bond-street, are about to issue a series of about forty photographs from Turner's pictures in the National Gallery, printed from negatives by Mr. Thornton Thompson. This gentleman has also taken a series from the choicest specimens of cinquecento, and other periods of early Italian art, purchased by Mr. Robinson mainly from the Campagna collection.

Dr. Charles Mackay has been lecturing at the Guildhall, Worcester, during the week, under the auspices of the Early Closing Association. The lecturer's subject was "The Values of Thoughts and Things, of Sentiments and of Commodities; and on the Market Price of the Invaluable." The lecture is, we hear, to be repeated in other towns.

The best collected edition of Mrs. Browning's Poems will be ready early in the week. As a last memorial of this gifted poetess, this, the fifth edition, will be highly prized. Mr. Thomas Colley Grattan's new work will also be ready at the same time, entitled "Beaten Paths and those who have trod them."

Mr. Albany Fonblanque, Jun., Barrister-at-law, the son of Mr. Commissioner Fonblanque, has been appointed to the office of legal Vice-Consul, Chancellor and Registrar in Egypt. The duties of the post are judicial, and the residence of the Vice-Consul will be in Alexandria. This gentleman has not only inherited the name of Fonblanque, being the nephew of the great Albany Fonblanque, the founder, editor, and, we believe, proprietor of the *Examiner* newspaper, but he has earned for himself in literature a name. He lately published a highly useful work with Messrs. Routledge, called "Rights and Wrongs: a Manual of Household Law," and for a considerable time past has been a constant contributor to the popular periodicals of the day.

The *Bookseller* informs us that the state of the book trade in and with America is such that they cannot recommend any houses in England to extend their business in that direction. The book trade of the United States is at a dead lock; several of the important houses have transhipped English books to this country to realize whatever they may fetch, and there is every probability that advantage may be taken of circumstances, by some of the most unprincipled, to repudiate payment altogether. Those English houses most intimately connected with the States, even at the present time, find it next to impossible to get a settlement; and as the difficulty may be said to have scarcely commenced, it requires but small prescience to foretell its increase.

Mr. Charles William Baldwin, who has spent many years away from his own country, sporting in South Africa, having forwarded his journal to his friends in England, the work is about to be published by Mr. Bentley. The adventures of this gentleman, many of which border on the marvellous, will no doubt be eagerly read by the vast community of subscribers to *Mudie* and the other libraries in town and country.

Messrs. Groombridge & Sons announce the "Intellectual Observer," in which will be incorporated the most successful scientific periodical of the day, "Recreative Science." The work is to be published in monthly parts.

A few days ago, Miss Faithful gave the compositors of the Victoria Press an entertainment at her private residence, and prizes were given to the three apprentices who had made the most progress during the past year. The principal one was awarded to Blanche Restieaux, for having acquired considerable proficiency in the more difficult branches of the business; the second to Emma Rogers, and the third to the little deaf and dumb apprentice, Fanny Pinto. Miss Faithful spoke of the gracious approbation expressed by her Majesty the Queen,

and of the support the office had received from the press and the public, and urged all the apprentices to aim at becoming really skilled compositors, and not to rest contented with a superficial knowledge of printing. The success of the "Victoria Regia" was alluded to, and such has been the demand for the work, that a second edition has been issued this week.

Mr. Charles Lever has a new novel, called "The Barringtons," which will be published in monthly parts by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

Mr. William Storey's "Letters on the American Question," which have recently appeared in the *Daily News*, will be immediately published by Mr. Manwaring in a revised and corrected form.

Last week we announced a work to be published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, and owing to a typographical error the sense of the title is destroyed; and for fear that Lady Caroline Eliot's sense of the proprieties of human nature should be shocked, we beg to assure our readers that "What Can it Be?" is a *fact* family travelling incognito, and not a *fast* family.

The library of the late Rev. Joseph Hunter has been sold under the hammer, by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, and realised £1,105. 0s. 6d. It included the best genealogical works, with many works of great rarity. We quote a few of the lots:—Collier's Catalogue of the Early English Literature at Bridgewater House (Earl of Ellesmere's), £5. 9s.; Cybolle, *Livre de Méditation*, £4; Davis's Scourge of Folly, stained, £7. 10s.; Record of the Gournay Family, £21. 10s.; Harbert's Prophecies of Cadwallader, £7. 7s.; Horæ Mariæ Virginis, printed by Simon Vostre in 1497, £10. 15s.; Hunter's South Yorkshire, with MS. additions, £43; Heures à l'Usage de Rome, printed by Godard, in 1677, being the earliest published, and very curious as fixing the exact address of Alexander Pope, the poet, £9. 9s.; Mansell's Account of the Mansell Family, £3. 3s.; Napier's Notices of Swyncombe and Ewelme, £8. 10s.; Hartshorne's Illustrations of Alnwick, Prudhoe, and Warkworth, £10; Shakspeare's Hamlet, reprint of the first edition, £6. 6s.; and similar reprint of the second, £8; Scrope and Grosvenor Roll, £7. 10s.; Pedigrees of Yorkshire Families, £8. 10s.; Thought-books and Anecdotes of my Contemporaries, in Manuscript, £25. 10s.; Biblia Versificata, by Walter Hotham, a poet of the fifteenth century, until quite recently unknown as an early Latin poet, £21; and Archbishop Colton's Visitation of the See of Derry, £22.

From Paris we learn that M. Grenier, one of the former editors of the *Constitutionnel*, has been rewarded for his "independence and devotedness," by being authorized to publish a satirical journal, *Le Corsaire*, to appear twice a week; also a daily evening paper, to be called *Le Pilote*. It is reported that this paper is intended to hold up to ridicule the previous dynasties, and all opponents of the present régime generally.

M. Devey is now in Paris collating Government documents (at the Foreign Office), a large private correspondence in connection with the late Count Cavour. In consequence of the extensive resources laid before him, his work originally intended for one volume will, with difficulty, be got into two. Both will contain an entire history of the Italian revolutions. Along with other interesting documents will appear a long letter written by Count Cavour while in Scotland, to his friend Count Martini, detailing his opinions on the *personelle* of the statesmen of the Whig, Tory, and Manchester school. The first volume will appear in February.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM JANUARY 3RD TO JANUARY 9TH.

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|---|--|
| Arbuthnot (J.). Emigrant's Guide Book to Port Natal. 2s. Hamilton.  | Markby (Rev. J.). The Man Christ Jesus. Crown 8vo. cloth. 9s. 6d. Rivington.   |
| Bakewell (Mrs.). The Mother's Practical Guide. Fourth edition. 12mo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Snow.   | Meuke (T.). Orbis Antiqui Descriptio. 18 Maps. 8vo. half-bound. 5s. Trübner.   |
| Ballhorn (F.). Grammatography. A Manual of Reference to the Alphabets of Ancient and Modern Languages. From the German. Royal 8vo. 7s. 6d. Trübner. | Meet for Heaven. Crown 8vo. morocco. 9s. Houlston.   |
| Burt (J. H.). William and Rachel Russell: a Tragedy, translated by. 3s. 6d. Trübner.  | Muller (W. A.). Elements of Chemistry. Second edition. Part III. £1. Parker, Son, & Bourn.   |
| Browning (Ernest). The Practice and Procedure of the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes. 8s. Butterworth.                                     | Mordacque (Rev. L. H.). History of the Names, Men, Places, &c. From the French of E. Salverte. Vol. I. 8vo. cloth. 12s. J. R. Smith. |
| Cayley's Dante's Divine Comedy. Feap. 5s. Longman.  | Murphy's Classical and Historical School Atlas. 8vo. half-bound. 3s. 6d. Houlston.   |
| Cayley's Dante's Purgatory. Post 8vo. 5s. Longman.  | Historical and Statistical School Atlas. 8vo. half-bound. 1s. 6d. Houlston.  |
| Cayley's Dante's Paradise. Post 8vo. 5s. Longman.   | Newton (Rev. J.). The Life of. Feap. 8vo. cloth. 2s. Seeley & Co.  |
| Cayley's Dante's Notes. Post 8vo. 6s. Longman.  | Oliver (Rev. A.). A Translation of the Syriac Peshito Version of the Psalms of David. 7s. 6d. Trübner.                               |
| Cathin (G.). The Breath of Life; or, Mal-Respiration. 8vo. boards. 2s. 6d. Trübner.   | Pennell (Cholmondeley). How to Spin for Pike. 1s. Harrison.  |
| Calthorpe (Rev. G.). The Temptation of Christ, and other Sermons. 5s. Wertheim.   | Power (Rev. P. B.). The "I Wills" of Christ. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s. Wertheim.   |
| Collier Coleman. Gatherings from the Pit-Heaps. 12mo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Hamilton.  | Punch, Vol. XXI. Cloth. 8s. 6d. Bradbury & Evans.  |
| Cooke (W.). The Deity. Crown 8vo. cloth. 6s. Hamilton.  | Recreative Science, Vol. III. Feap. 4to. cloth. 7s. 6d. Groombridge.   |
| Cooke (Rev. W.). The Three Intercessions United. Crown 8vo. cloth. 1s. 6d. Hamilton.  | Sargeant (W. C.). The Colonial Office List, 1862. 7s. Stanford.  |
| Davies (Rev. E.). Life at Bethany; or, the Words and Tears of Jesus. Second edition. 3s. Snow.  | Selections of Poetry. Crown 8vo. cloth. 6s. Seeley & Co.   |
| Dart (Henry). The Iliad of Homer. Part I. 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d. Longman.   | Solis Virgil. Drinking Cups, Vases, Ewers, and Ornaments designed by. 10s. 6d. Rimell.   |
| Drummond (Rev. D.). Memoir of Montague Stanley. Post 8vo. cloth. 2s. Hamilton.  | Somerton (Alice). The Torn Bible. 18mo. cloth. 2s. Seeley & Co.  |
| Edwards (Sutherland). History of the Opera. 2 vols. post 8vo. cloth. £1. 1s. Allen & Co.  | Spence (Rev. J.). Martha Dryland. 18mo. cloth. 1s. Snow.   |
| Gurney (John Hampden). Chapters from French History. Feap. 8vo. cloth. 6s. 6d. Longman.   | The Great Birthday: a Story of Eighteen Hundred Years Ago. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. Seeley & Co.   |
| Garfit (Arthur). Some Points of the Education Question Practically Considered. 4s. Longman.   | The Orphans of Glenulva. A Tale of Scottish Life. 12mo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Hamilton.   |
| Griffin (John). Seven Answers to the Seven Essays and Reviews. 8vo. cloth. 8s. 6d. Longman.   | The Book of Psalms, translated into English Verse. Third edition. 18mo. cloth. 4s. Rivington.  |
| Goulburn (Rev. E. M.). Thoughts on Personal Religion. 2 vols. feap. 10s. 6d. Rivington.   | The Life of Hannah More. Feap. 8vo. cloth. 2s. Seeley & Co.  |
| Handbook Guide to Railway Situations. 12mo. cloth. 1s. Cassell & Co.  | The Ways of the Line. Second edition. 12mo. limp. 1s. 6d. Hamilton.  |
| Heaven our Home. Crown 8vo. morocco. 9s. Houlston.  | The Woman with the Yellow Hair. 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d. Saunders & Otley.   |
| Hislop (A.). The Proverbs of Scotland. 6s. Porteous & Hislop.   | Timbs (John). Lives of Wits and Humourists. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. cloth. 18s. Bentley.  |
| Jobson (F. J.). Australia, with Notes by the Way. Crown 8vo. cloth. 6s. Hamilton.   | Unwin (William). Training School Singing Method. Post 8vo. cloth. 8s. Longman.   |
| Leighton (A.). The Principal Songs of Robert Burns translated into Latin Verse. Crown 4to. cloth. 5s. Houlston.                                     | Training School Part Songs. Post 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Longman.  |
|   | Wilson's Picture Alphabet. Crown 8vo. cloth. 6d. Low & Sons.   |
|   | Picture Primer. Crown 8vo. cloth. 6d. Low & Sons.  |
|   | Stiff covers. 6d. Low & Sons.  |
|   | Wagh (Edwin). Rambles in the Lake Country. 12mo. cloth. 5s. Whittaker.   |



## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## LIST OF MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

## MONDAY.

**GEOGRAPHICAL**—Burlington House, at 8½ P.M. 1. "Narrative of an expedition to the Andaman Islands in 1857." By F. J. Mouat, M.D. 2. "On the Trade of the Eastern Archipelago, with New Guinea and its Islands." By A. R. Wallace.

**MEDICAL**—32a, George-street, Hanover-square, at 7½ P.M. Special General Meeting. Papers to be read. "On Desquamative Gastritis in Scarlatina." By Dr. S. Fenwick.

## TUESDAY.

**ETHNOLOGICAL**—4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, at 8 P.M. "On the Osteology and Dentition of the Andaman Islanders." By Professor Owen.

**CIVIL ENGINEERS**—25, Great George-street Westminster, at 8 P.M. 1. Address on taking the Chair by the President, John Hawkshaw, C.E. 2. Renewed Discussion on Mr. Bailey Denton's paper, "On the Discharge from Underdrainage, &c."

**MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL**—53, Berners-street, Oxford-street, at 8½ P.M.

**SYRO-EGYPTIAN**—23, Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square, at 7½ P.M.

**ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY**—11, Hanover-square, at 9 P.M. "On the Aye-Aye of Madagascar." By Professor Owen.

## WEDNESDAY.

**METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY**—25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 7 P.M. "Some Account of the Pressure of the Wind at Greenwich in Strong Winds and Gales from 1841 to 1860." By J. Glaisher, F.R.S.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS**—John-street, Adelphi, at 8 P.M. "Comparison of the Year 1851 with the Year 1861." By Blanchard Jerrold.

**ROYAL**—"On the Development of Striped Muscle in Man, Mammalia, and Birds." By J. L. Clarke.—"On the General Forms of the Symmetrical Properties of Plane Triangles." By T. Dobson.—"On the Influence of Temperature on the Electric Conducting Power of the Metals." By A. Matthiessen.

## THURSDAY.

**ROYAL**—Burlington House, at 8 P.M.

**CHEMICAL**—Burlington House, at 8 P.M. 1. "On the Simultaneous Variations of Hippuric and Uric Acids in healthy Urine," by Dr. Benze Jones. 2. "On the Solubility of Sulphate of Lead in Hydrochloric and Nitric Acids," by G. F. Rodwell. 3. "On a new mode of affecting Chlorine Substitutions," by Dr. H. Miller.

**LINNEAN**—Burlington House, at 8 P.M. 1. "On Welwitschia Mirabilis," by Dr. Hooker. 2. "On Inocarpus," by Mr. Bentham. 3. "On Algae, collected by Dr. Lyall, R.N., at Vancouver's Island, &c.," by Dr. Harvey.

**ANTIQUARIES**—Somerset House, at 8½ P.M.

**NUMISMATIC**—13, Gate-street, Lincoln's-inn-Fields, at 7 P.M.

**ROYAL INSTITUTION**—Albemarle-street, at 8 P.M. "On the Transmission of Heat through Gases," by Professor Tyndall.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers who have not already sent in their Certificates will oblige us by doing so without further delay.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**—Under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON. BALFE'S greatest success. The New Grand Opera, and the new Pantomime, introducing the most gorgeous Transformation Scene ever witnessed; represented upon the same evening, and forming the most attractive combination of amusements in London. On Monday, and during the week, will be presented the new and original Grand Romantic Opera, in Three Acts, entitled **THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER**. The Libretto by J. V. Bridgman. The Music by M. W. Balfe. Supported by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne; Mr. Sandley, Mr. H. Corri, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Patey, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. T. Distin, Mr. E. Dussek, Mr. C. Lyall, and Mr. W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLON. After which (written expressly by J. M. Morton, Esq.), the Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled **HARLEQUIN GULLIVER**.

The New Splendid Scenery, including the Great Transformation Scene, invented and painted by Mr. W. Calcott. Gulliver, Mr. W. H. Payne; Principal Danseuse, Mdlle. Lamoureux, supported by the Ladies of the Corps de Ballet. The Harlequinade sustained by the eminent Pantomimists, Messrs. H. Payne, F. Payne, H. Lauri, E. Lauri, S. Lauri, and Miss Jenny Lauri.

Commence at Seven. The performance terminates before Twelve. Morning Performance every WEDNESDAY. Commence at Two. Children under 12 years of age, Half-price.

An early application for places is desirable, at the Box-office, which is open daily from Ten till Five. Places booked without charge.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**—GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE of the Great Pantomime of the Season, and the most Gorgeous Transformation Scene ever produced, EVERY WEDNESDAY, commencing at Two o'clock. Carriages to be in attendance at Four. Children under Twelve years of age, half-price. No extra charge for Booking Places.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**—Miss JANE COOMBS having been received with great enthusiasm on her first appearance in England, will appear on MONDAY and TUESDAY, as Mrs. HALLER, in the **STRANGER**, and during the rest of the week as JULIANA, in the **HONEYMOON**. Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Compton, Mr. Howe, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Clark, Miss Oliver, &c., will also appear; after which, every evening, the PANTOMIME OF **LITTLE MISS MUFFET AND LITTLE BOY BLUE**.

**MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED**, with MR. JOHN PARRY, give their "POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT" EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight; THURSDAY and SATURDAY MORNINGS, at Three, at the ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, REGENT STREET. Unreserved Seats, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s.; Stall chairs, 5s., secured in advance, without charge, at the Gallery, and at Cramer, Beale, and Wood's, 201, Regent-street. MRS. GERMAN REED as Dolly Chickbiddy (song, "Mamma, won't you bring me out"). Mr. JOHN PARRY will relate musically the vicissitudes of a "COLLEEN BAWN." Mr. MARK LEMON "ABOUT LONDON." MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY MORNINGS, at Three o'clock; SATURDAY EVENING at Eight. Stalls secured in advance at the Gallery.

**POLYTECHNIC.**—Every Morning and Evening at 4 and 9.—The highly successful Comic Optical Pantomime of Harlequin and Mother Goose; or, the Golden Egg, being a revival of the late Joey Grimaldi's most favourite piece; in order that full effect may be given to the pantomimic tricks, Mr. Childs has been engaged with his Phantasmagoria Apparatus. Mr. G. A. Cooper will enact the "chorus" for the pantomimic characters, and sing various comic songs. Beautiful series of Photographs, by Mr. England, artist of the London Stereoscopic Company, of "Scenes in America." Professor Logrenia's Magical Wonders and Mysterious Transformations, the Wonderful Performing Russian Cat, Learned Canary Birds, and White Mice. Seven other Lectures and Entertainments, and Grand Juvenile Day, Thursday morning and evening, the 16th January, and third gratuitous distribution of Toys, Knives, Canners, &c., from the Christmas Tree.

## HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST, BROMPTON, S.W.

One eighth of the entire mortality of the country ensues from diseases of the chest. This fact accounts for the vast number of sick persons seeking the benefits of this special Charity, particularly in the winter months, when cold, want, and miserable homes aggravate their sufferings. To turn them away would be cruel; to keep all the wards open money is required.

Donations and subscriptions will be thankfully received by Messrs. Williams, Deacon, & Co., 20, Birch-lane; also by the other leading Bankers; and at the Hospital.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.  
HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

## ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL, Gray's-inn-road.

Notwithstanding the liberal support which the Committee continue to receive from the public, the large increase of destitute sick at this inclement season of the year occasions a frequent exhaustion of the current resources of the Charity. The Weekly Board invite benevolent persons to make a personal visit of inspection as to the mode in which the several departments of the Charity are conducted.

Contributions are earnestly solicited, and are received by the Treasurer, Edward Masterman, Esq., Nicholas-lane; also by Messrs. Coutts & Co., Drummond & Co., Herries & Co., Ransom & Co., Prescott, Grote, & Co., Smith, Payne, & Co., Glyn & Co., Jones Loyd & Co., Barclay & Co., Denison & Co., Williams, Deacon, & Co., Overend, Gurney, & Co., Nisbet & Co., Berners-street; J. B. Owen & Co., Liverpool; and at the Hospital.

J. B. OWEN, M.A., Chairman of the Weekly Board.

## EVENING LECTURES ON GEOLOGY

at the GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF MINES, Jermyn-street.—Mr. A. GEIKIE, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., will commence a course of TEN LECTURES on the First Principles of Geology on TUESDAY, the 14th JANUARY, at eight o'clock, to be continued on each succeeding Friday and Tuesday evening at the same hour. Tickets for the whole course, price 5s., may be had at the Museum of Practical Geology.

## FINE ART UNION.—Third Season, 1861-2.

—Ten guineas for one guinea. Two of the choicest pictures of the immortal Turner, and two magnificent subjects by Sir E. Landseer, engraved by the most celebrated engravers of the day, are given (the set of four) to subscribers for one guinea, now delivering. Prospectuses on application. Agents wanted in the provinces.—J. T. JERRARD'S Fine Art Gallery, 163, Fenchurch-street, E.C.

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New Premium Income for the year 1861, £9,178. 12s.  
Policies granted against ACCIDENTS or DISEASE totally disabling the Assured, for a small extra premium.  
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Forms on application to the OFFICE, 355, Strand, London.

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Apply for Forms of Proposal, or any information, to the Provincial Agents, the Booking Clerks at the Railway Stations, or to the Head Office, 64, Cornhill, London, E.C. £102,817 have been paid by this Company as compensation for Fifty-six fatal cases, and 5,041 cases of personal injury.

The Sole Company privileged to issue Railway Journey Insurance Tickets, costing 1d., 2d., or 3d., at all the principal Stations.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT, 1840.  
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.  
64, Cornhill, E.C.

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No charges are made beyond the premium.

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ENDOWMENTS FOR CHILDREN are made payable on attaining the ages of 14, 18, or 21, so as to meet the demands which education or settlement in life may create. By the payment of a slightly increased rate, the premiums are returned in the event of previous death.

Every information will be readily afforded on application to the Secretary or Agents.

## EXTRACT FROM DIRECTORS' REPORT, MAY, 1861.

"The Directors are enabled, in rendering their Annual Account, to announce that the year 1860 exhibited a continuance of the same healthy advance on which they last year had to congratulate the Proprietors, and so far as can be foreseen, presents the elements of future prosperity.

"Proposals for the Assurance of £254,033 were made to the Office during the past year, of which amount £167,259 were assured, producing in New Premiums, £5,619. 0s. 8d. The Income of the Office on the 31st December last had reached £46,562. 9s., being an increase over 1859 of £9,700.

"The Accounts, having reference to the last three years, show that the Cash Assets have exceeded the liabilities in a gradually increasing ratio, thus:—

In 1858 the Excess was	£8,269	7	4
1859	"	"	12,086 9 11
1860	"	"	18,557 0 6

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